THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE.

VOL. I.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

PUPIL of PLEASURE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

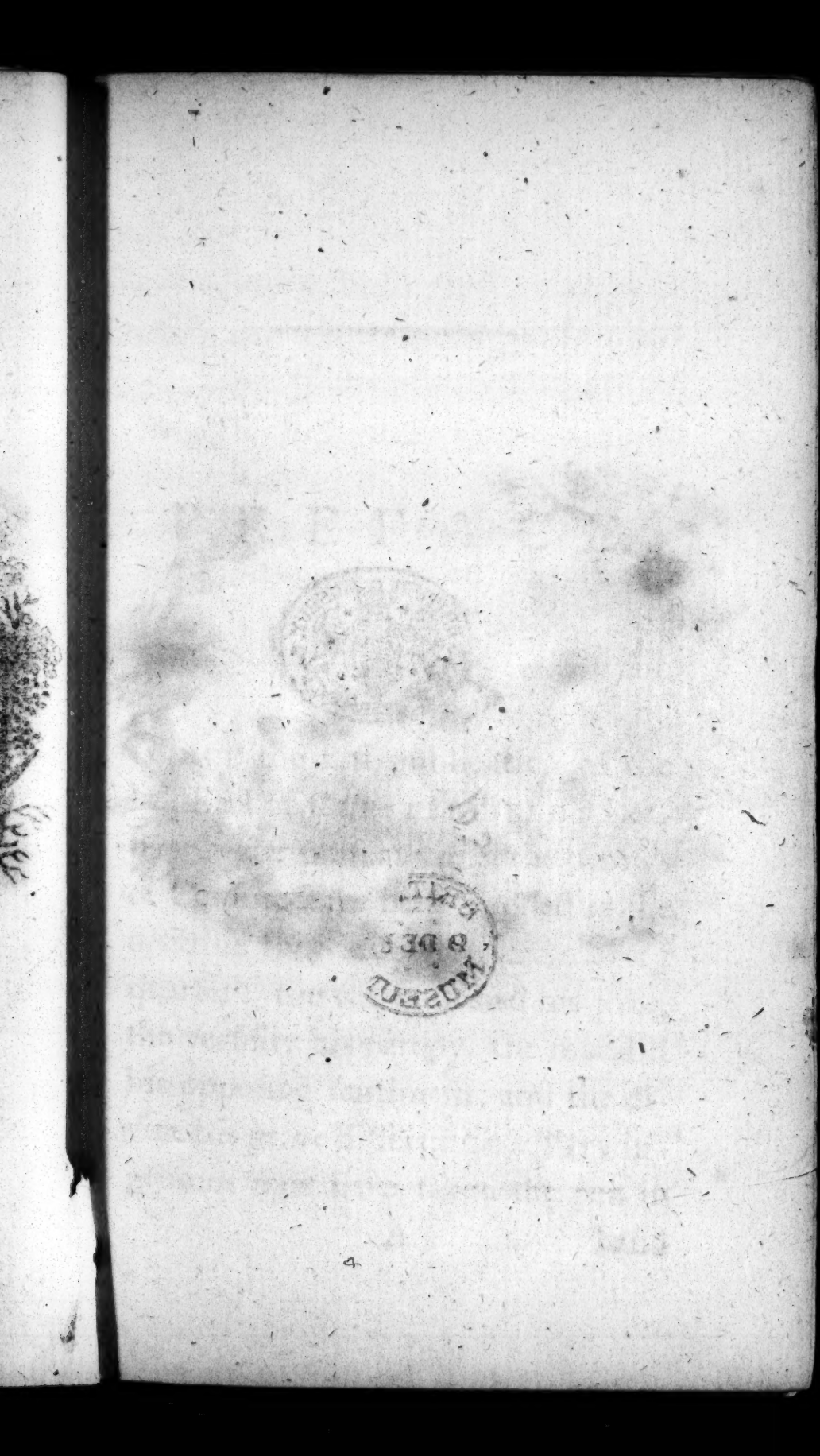
A NEW EDITION, CORRECTED.

Written by Mr. PRATT.

He left me to my God.

LONDON:
Printed for G. ROBINSON, and J. BEW,
in Pater-noſter-row.
1783.

BRITISH
9 DE 63
MUSEUM



BRITISH MUSEUM

PREFACE.

SINCE the first publication of the late Earl of CHESTERFIELD's Letters to the present time, the arrows of Censure have been levelled at the doctrine they inculcate, from every quarter: the wit hath had his joke, the versifier his parody, the moralist his opposing sentiment, and the divine his grave dissertation. Very ingenious men have taken the pen in

A hand

hand to confront his Lordſhip: his Graces have been ſmartly ridiculed; his etiquette humorouſly expoſed; and Mr. HUNTER, with an elegance and profundity far beyond the reſt of his remarkers, hath penetrated into the very bottom of his maxims, traverſed him through every double, and examined his whole ſyſtem with an analytical acuteneſs.

It is yet matter of real amazement that amongſt all thoſe who have expreſſed themſelves loudly and diametrically againſt the doctrine of Lord CHESTERFIELD's correſpondence, none ſhould have yet thought of the only method that was moſt likely to manifeſt their tendency. The general ſtigma

upon

upon theſe Letters has been, that they are calculated to recommend deceit, and to conceal the moſt deſtructive hypocriſy, under a ſmiling aſpect, plauſible exterior, fair-ſeeming ſentiments, and a complacent flexibility.

In an age of voluptuouſneſs, it is obvious, that maxims, like theſe, would have moſt weight with the young and diſſipated. The man of faſhion would find them ſo conſiſtent with his plan of ſecurity, that there would be little doubt but he would adopt them; the man of expedient and broken fortunes would as eagerly catch at a mode of conduct which, without either danger of his neck, or character, might

repair his purſe, promote his pleaſure, and ſave him from a thouſand ſhocks that poverty is heir to.

The eſſence of my Lord CHESTERFIELD's ſyſtem ſeems to be neither more nor leſs than this: Secure yourſelf from being *blaſted*, as he terms it, and do whatever you think proper: whatever fancy, paſſion, whim, or wickedneſs ſuggeſt, only command your countenance, check your temper, and throw before your heart and boſom the ſhield of Diſſimulation, and ſnatch—ſeize—enjoy.

In regard to women—never ſurely iſſued from the preſs a collection of hints ſo capable of being turned to

their

their deſtruction: and females ought to be more alarmed at this publication (which one of their own ſex has uſhered into the world) than at any thing that ever was pointed at their peace of mind, or purity of character.

How, then, hath it happened, that no perſon hath yet put the volumes of the Earl of CHESTERFIELD into the hands of a hero, who, with a natural aptitude to enjoy every thing within his obſervation, might increaſe his felicity very conſiderably, by the aſſiſtance of ſentiments ſo admirably ſuited to multiply miſchief, and to enſure his victory over that ſimplicity, that beauty, and that ſoftneſs, which

would, thence, be, ſo much the more eaſily, *thrown off their guard?*

As nothing of this kind, however, has appeared, I have ventured to preſent to the public, the adventures of a man of birth, rank, figure, and character, ardent in the purſuit of pleaſures, and much delighted *with*, and attracted *by*, the theory of Lord CHESTERFIELD. He purchaſes the books, finds them agreeable to his palate, ſtudies them paragraph by paragraph, thrives under his application, piques himſelf upon his progreſs; and in the end, a maſter of his ſcience, invokes the genius of his noble preceptor, puts money in his purſe, the ineſtimable volumes in his portmanteau,

manteau, and ſallies into the gay world, armed at all points, the PUPIL of PLEASURE.

Every ingenious precept laid down by the noble Lord, this high-bred young gentleman reduces to practice, who, taking the ſummer before him, makes his attacks at a place of faſhionable reſort; where (fixing with commendable and pre-inſtructed acuteneſs upon proper objects) he begins to exemplify, and is as ſucceſsful as the politeſt caſuiſt could poſſibly wiſh.

In the courſe of this hiſtorical illuſtration—this biographical commentary on the text of CHESTERFIELD—ample ſcope has been allowed

lowed for the diſplay of various characters, and particularly ſuch as more immediately promoted the main deſign of the work, which is, to ſhew the aggravated evils in ſociety ariſing from the practice of ſuch *perniciouſly-pleaſing precepts*.

To this end, I have made great uſe of the noble Lord's maxims, rules, and admonitions, upon various ſubjects. The incidents, it is conceived, ariſe, naturally, out of the principles that produce them; the contraſt in the characters, eſpecially of HOMESPUN, SEDLEY, THORNTON, Lieutenant VERNON, and Sir HENRY DEEMORE, I have endeavoured to render eminent and conſpicuous; and altho' ſome may think,

think, the catastrophe and a few of the circumstances, carried too far into the pathetic, yet, I am persuaded, those who weigh deeply the *precepts* of Lord CHESTERFIELD, will agree with me in thinking, that, if pushed into *practice* by an adventurer, like that which his Lordship *would* have formed out of Mr. STANHOPE, similar or even greater sorrows, and vices, would invade the community. In short, this history is calculated strongly to prove the truth of Lord CHESTERFIELD'S *own* observation, namely, "That the adoption of Vice is likely to ruin ten times more young men, than natural inclination."

I am

I am apt to think Mr. STANHOPE's reputed want of *ability* made him die an honeſt, though an undiſtinguiſhed man: perhaps, if he had had *Ton* enough to follow the advice of his father, and entered into all the *elevated connexions* recommended to him, he had fallen, like the hero of this hiſtory, equally celebrated, dazzling, and diabolical,

9 DE 63

THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE, &c.

LETTER I.

SEDLEY *to* THORNTON.

Buxton.

THE whirl of wheels, a fine flow of ſpirits, the elyſium of expectation, and the vigor of freſh horſes at every ſtage, brought me in leſs than twenty hours, from Cavendiſh-ſquare to the place of date. Having no unne-

ceſſary luggage to retard me, no trifling petit maitre, who, at two miles diſtance from the ſhifting-place, drives back for his gloves, his cane, his ſnuff-box, or his white handkerchief; I rolled, THORNTON, on the ſprings of expedition; and I ſit down, unſubdued by fatigue, to tell thee of my ſafety.

Richardſon's a child, Grandiſon is a monſter, Lovelace a bungler:—ſince the days of Adam, Nature hath produced but *one man of pleaſure*; and that wonder was reſerved to adorn the age before us.

Oh, CHESTERFIELD! CHESTERFIELD! THOU, only thou, kneweſt the *ſcience* of joy; thou only, hadſt the ſkill to cover the ruggedneſs of life with roſes, that bloom from being preſſed. Deign then, immortal ſhade!

to

to look with a gentle eye upon THY PUPIL; teach me to emulate thy genius, to practiſe thy precepts, to hit, with a felicity like thine, the true ſpirit of diſſimulation—ſoften my features to the blandiſhments of delight—attune my tongue to the thrillings of perſuaſion—enrich my ſentiments with ſo verſatile a ductility, that I may obey the occaſions of the minute---endue me with perſeverance of ſoul, and condeſcend to guide me (with all thy attendant graces, aſſiduities, and elegant attentions,) into the boſom of voluptuouſneſs, my Friend, my Mentor, my Genius, and my God!

THORNTON, I am inſpired! the rhapſody of my invocation is throbbing already at my heart—it is working its way to the very marrow in the bones.

The divine Letters of OUR EARL are at this inſtant brought in by the poſtilion, who is unconſcious of the treaſure, with which he is freighted. But ſoft! I dare not proceed till I have unlocked my hoard, and then, with a more than Perſian proſtration, paid to maxims by which I am to be conducted, the incenſe of my idolatry.

Adieu, adieu.

PHILIP SEDLEY.

LET-

LETTER II.

Mr. THORNTON to Mr. SEDLEY.

TAKE care: it is eaſier to adviſe than to act. I wiſh you joy of your ſyſtem, and I approve: let it not, however, appear to be *imitation:* be thyſelf, and the deities of bliſs throw objects in thy way!

Farewel.

JAMES THORNTON.

P. S.

Be explicit.

LETTER III.

SEDLEY to THORNTON.

DULL THORNTON!—circumſpect citizen! at what art thou alarmed, and "wherefore is thy ſpirit troubled within thee?" How canſt thou entertain ſo contemptible a notion of thy SEDLEY? *Imitation!* Curſe thee for the thought. Haſt thou—illiberal aſperſer—haſt thou, in the courſe of ſeven enterprizing years, ever known me deign to ſtoop from the originality of *ſelf* to the ſlavery of another? 'Tis true, I admire the Lord of CHESTERFIELD: his epiſtles are, in the reading hour, always in my hand; they repoſe at night behind my pillow, and they at preſent conſtitute

conſtitute my travelling library. But I ſcorn to be fettered, either in body or in ſoul. Imitation indeed! Let me echo the dictates of my rage—curſe thee for the thought! The liberty of the *underſtanding* is as dear to me, as the liberty of the *perſon*; and I have too much pride, too much dignity, to become a plagiary. THORNTON, no; the Earl is my tutor; his ſentiments are ſuch as I have long *felt*, but ſuch as, till now, I have been cautious to *avow*. The idle modes of the world ſtood as a bar, betwixt the precept and the practice. Hitherto, I have been reſtrained in my actions, and loſt half the joy of voluptuouſneſs, becauſe, forſooth, nobody had either reputation, ingenuity, or taſte enough to keep me in countenance. I ſwam the common current of pleaſure, but was

always afraid of going out of my depth. The herd are contented to be libertines in the ordinary, ſhallow, ſhadowy way, and, before the appearance of theſe *enchanting Letters*, which, like the ſun, broke out upon our groſſneſs, we wanted the imprimatur of a man of celebrity,---of a Cheſterfield, to give credit and eclat to the efforts of an enterprizing ſpirit. But *now* the impediment is removed,---the avenue is opened,---the ice that cuſtom had frozen about the heart is thaw'd, and the proſpect of pleaſure is clear. The repoſitory of STANHOPE, the cabinet of CHESTERFIELD, the Earl's arcanum, are all diſcloſed:---EUGENIA---bear, bear the name, ye roſy-wing'd deities of joy in gratitude to heaven! —EUGENIA has given to mankind the invaluable remains of her father,

—remains

—remains which—(Oh, THORNTON, echo EUGENIA!)-——have diſcovered, to every elegant character, freſh roads to the temple of felicity; virgin reſources and treaſuries of bliſs as yet untaſted, and unexplored.

My deſign then, is to indulge my principles, by improving upon thoſe maxims which his poliſh'd pen hath made *faſhionable*. Let duller ſouls content themſelves with *vulgar* happineſs; with yielding beauty, entrapt ſimplicity, and the mere defloration of female youth--*I* cannot be circumſcribed by ſuch common, *animal* ſenſations: no, James!--give me delicacy, difficulty, refinement; give me innovation,--or take from me exiſtence.

"To beat the beaten track,---to taſte the taſted,"----Oh ſhocking!----inſupportable! I am above it. I ſcorn it.

In a word then, THORNTON, what our GARRICK is to SHAKESPEARE, *I* am reſolved to be to CHESTERFIELD,---the living comment upon the dead text. The youth to whom the Earl's Letters were originally addreſſed, thou knoweſt, is dead; and he wanted a *ſoul* to reliſh, and a taſte to improve, had he continued amongſt us. Such a cool creature is better in its coffin. Peace to his uncongenial manes! But ſhall STANHOPE be therefore without an heir? No,--I claim the inheritance, THORNTON, and deſire you will henceforth conſider *me* as his ſon, by the adoption of his *ſentiment*. Nay, had theſe veins been filled with the rich ſtream that fed the heart of STANHOPE, I could not have been more like himſelf.---God forgive me! but, were it not ſaid, and ſaid ſolemnly, that my mother was the Diana of her day, I ſhould ſuſpect ſhe play'd my father the Alderman falſe, and threw

threw herſelf into the conquering and accompliſhed arms of CHESTERFIELD.-- Earth and ſkies! Mr. THORNTON, canſt thou think I was the product of a plethoric Alderman, and that that Alderman could be a dealer in hops?—Baſtardize me, dear friend, in pity to my feelings; and rather than ſuppoſe me the offspring of *ſuch* a conjunction, make me the by-blow of ſome deity in diſguiſe, and let me catch a ray of comfort from illegitimacy.

So much for the introduction to our correſpondence. Of preface no more--- Prepare for immediate action-- Ha! A face paſſes my window that throws attractions worth purſuing. I preſs the wafer with my ſeal that I may riſe to reconnoitre. Hurry ſets its mark on my laſt ſentence.

Adieu.

PHILIP SEDLEY.

LET-

LETTER IV.

From the Same to the Same.

THE Earl's abſent man has already exhibited himſelf. He is of the name of HOMESPUN, and is the butt of the bath. His ſoul is contemplative, and his body pedantic. Never ſaw I ſo perpendicular, or profound a figure: a very walking ſoliloquy; a moving meditation! and his wife, or at leaſt the beautiful She who hangs upon his arm as ſuch---O THORNTON! THORNTON! ---I have an object before me already, young, elegant, graceful, and (I warmly hope) a *wife*---If ſhe ſhould prove *indeed* the property of this pedant---if the ſtars ſhould have thrown a *hoop of gold* in my way,

way, my fortune is made.—Soft a little ---enter my landlord; I like the lines of his face---his eye looks communication---intelligence plays the goſſip in every feature. He will prove the *Daily Advertiſer* of the bath. In half an hour the budget of Buxton will be open.

Pray Mr.———I forget your name--- ('twas an awkward overſight, not to have learn'd his name, James)-----Mr.——. Wyngood is my name, Sir.—Pray, Mr. Wyngood, what *fine* young lady is that now walking with the *ſtraight, well-made* gentleman in raven-grey?

[Always deſcribe favourably when you queſtion a ſtranger!]

She is wife to the gentleman, Sir, whoſe name is Mr. HORACE HOMESPUN, a miniſter come to bathe for the *Diſſenters* diſorder. There's a *vaſt* deal

of company, Sir, in town, and I think you are extremley lucky in taking my lodgings. My lodgings are the beſt lodgings in all BUXTON, and ſome of the beſt people lodge in my lodgings at this moment. Why now, Sir, you would not think it, but I can ſhew you ſuch things as will ſuprize you.—Here he ſet off, and I followed him into a bed-chamber, where, without any ceremony, opening the drawers of his lodgers, he took out a riding-hat with a blue feather and a ſpangled button.—" Lookee, Sir, did you ever ſee the like? Theſe are the things of the gentry who lodge at my lodgings.--Then here is ſilks upon ſattins, and ſattins upon ſilks; and they're the *kindeſt* people in the world. They live as cheap as poſſible. Why I don't ſuppoſe, now, one day with another, they ſpend a guinea: there is reaſon in every thing: they pay only eight-pence a-piece

a-piece for breakfaſt, a ſhilling a head for dinner, eight-pence for tea in the afternoon, a ſhilling for ſupper, and fourteen ſhillings for lodging; beſides waſhing, coals, candles, and wines,---a *mere nothing*, a wet of the little-finger, as I may ſay, for a watering-place. I preſume, Sir, you would chuſe to join them, and live in the ſame manner. I ſee you are a very worthy gentleman, and I will go mention you under the name of --- of--- pray, *what* name muſt I ſay, Sir?—I looked a mild negative to this queſtion--Very true, very true, no matter, no matter; I will tell Mr. HOMESPUN that a new lodger wiſhes to do as he does. Sir, your ſervant; I will be with you again preſently. I ſee you are a worthy gentleman plain enough.

The fellow had it all his own way, THORNTON. I interrupted him not, and

am

am this very night to ſup with Maſter Miniſter HOMESPUN. I have walked down to the *Well*, and drank a glaſs at this Helicon of health. I was to be, in this ramble, the man of faſhion, juſt ſtept out of the chaiſe, and elegantly diſordered in my dreſs. Exteriors, as they always ſhould, correſponded. My hair was tied with negligence, my curls looſe, in the *ton* of confuſion, and my frock diſcovered a genteel ſhape, and the cut of a capital taylor.

A miſcellaneous group were paſſing away the intermediate hours betwixt tea-time and ſupper: the lame and the lazy, the merry and the mortified, were all upon the ſaunter; HOMESPUN was fondly ruminating with his angelic conſort in the ſhade; and *ſomething*, that had the appearance of a fop---I mean of the common kind---was ſaying ſmart things to a pretty Well-woman.

Nothing,

Nothing, however, could induce me to ſtay a moment at ſo dull a place, but the *practice* of *precepts* which will convert *all* places into paridiſe, and make even a *watering-place* delicious.------ The ſupper-bell ſummons me.----Mrs. HOMESPUN—Oh, what a name for ſuch a creature!—is tripping it, towards the ſound, and HOMESPUN himſelf ſeems to forget his primitive uprightneſs of back, and ſteps briſkly forward.

Now for it,----art thou not all curioſity?

Farewel.

PHILIP SEDLEY.

LETTER

LETTER V.

From the Same to the Same.

CHESTERFIELD is right: attention annihilates learning, and carries away all before it. I am in the road to rapture. Time allows only to give you the *hint*. Another opportunity of *being aſſiduous* offers itſelf: the moment muſt not be loſt: a moment decides, ſometimes, the fate of a whole life.

Adieu.

PHILIP SEDLEY.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

From the Same to the Same.

EVERY hour brings its improvement.—Oh! why did not the Earl ſanctify the paths of diſſimulation, that I might have lived at pleaſure, many years ago! It is now, only now, that I *begin* to live. I have had, my dear THORNTON, in the courſe of a few hours, a conqueſt ſuperior to ALEXANDER'S. I have made an *ordinary* coxcomb *pleaſed with himſelf*, and yet caus'd him to be diſcarded by his miſtreſs. I have ſeen a *learned* huſband deteſtable in the eyes of his wife, for the *firſt time*; and I find him enraptured with the *very man* by whom he is made ridiculous:

and

and all this from the practice of a ſingle precept----STUDY TO PLEASE.

I will go through evry ſentiment in the Earl's correſpondence, before I quit BUXTON! All the books in all the languages are barren, and deſerve to be burnt, but the epiſtles of STANHOPE. But ſtop---I hear Mrs. HOMESPUN expreſs her averſion to cheeſe; and (though I *like it myſelf*) I muſt haſten to order it may never appear again to offend her. Nothing is immaterial that *pleaſes*. If you would be pleaſed yourſelf, firſt pleaſe others. No matter in what the pleaſure conſiſts: the more contradictory to thy own ſatisfaction the better---In all events, PLEASE.

Adieu.

PHILIP SEDLEY.

LET-

LETTER VII.

THORNTON to SEDLEY.

THOU mightſt as well ſend folded to me a ſheet of blank paper. Much is written, without any thing to the purpoſe being ſaid----thy heart is engaged in the ardour of ſome purſuit, and thy pen denotes buſtle, and contrivance, and agitation; but thou ſpeakeſt, only generally. I prithee, SEDLEY, reduce thy exrravagant genius into order, and let me underſtand, by the poſt, the meaning of ſentiments I perceive not at preſent the drift of. If any thing ſtarts that demands aſſiſtance, or if thou meeteſt more adventure than thou canſt thyſelf manage, tell me ſo, and I will order my horſe to the door, and go ſnacks in thy enterprizes. Farewel.

JAMES THORNTON.

LET-

LETTER VIII.

From the Reverend HORACE HOMESPUN to Doctor DIGGORY.

DEAR SIR,

YOU remember, I preſume, the jaunt I took in the laſt year to SOUTHAMPTON, the particulars of which, at the requeſt of ſome friends, I ſuffered to be printed in the WESTMINSTER MAGAZINE, in two ſeveral letters addreſſed to the publiſher, Mr. THOMAS WRIGHT, of Eſſex-ſtreet, in the Strand, London. I there told you, that I was not quite ſo highly intereſted in, or entertained by, the ſcenes in a hurry before me, as my *then* patron, the Baronet, would flatter my imagination with upon the road; and (as I find thoſe letters from the Weſtminſter Magazine

Magazine were reprinted into various *other* monthly publications) I have reaſon to ſuppoſe my excurſion afforded ſome amuſement to a certain claſs of readers.

Albeit, having, ſince then, been yoked to a damſel who hath a paſſion for theſe watering-places, and who (bringing along with her a decent dower) hath a right to indulge herſelf in ſuch amuſements as ſeem beſt unto her, I have now a *ſecond* opportunity to ſurvey the cuſtoms and manners of water-drinkers and duckers; and can give you, my friend, many curious particulars by way of ſupplement to the accounts I have already publiſhed.

As my preſent cure, is ſituated about thirty-ſeven poſt miles and a quarter, more or leſs, (one cannot be claſſically

correct

correct to a yard,) from the waters of Buxton, admidſt the wonders of the Peake, Mrs. Homespun choſe to paſs a week at that place, for the benefit of a pain in the ancle, which pain became grievous unto her about ſix minutes before ſhe ſuggeſted to me the neceſſity of ſuch an excurſion. Very ſudden, to be ſure. But humanity is frail; and women are whimſical.

That the cure of her ancle might be perfectly compleated, I contrived it ſo, as to perſuade the curate of a neighbouring pariſh, to do duty at home in my abſence, and reſolved to tarry a fortnight. Of this fortnight, only four days are yet expired; and though I never underwent the ſame degree of parade, of fatigue, and of impertinence, in any former *fourteen years* of my life,

---not

---not even when I preached thrice on the Sunday, and fairly footed it to two of the cures,--yet HARRIET ſeems ſo happy in *doing as others do*, and finds ſuch real felicity in the dulleſt ſpot I ever beheld, becauſe, ſhe ſays, it is the *Ton*, that I am in doubt whether even the long reſidue of the fortnight will ſatisfy her; or whether ſhe will by that time have had *Ton* enough to return home, to peace, privacy, and the parſonage-houſe, without murmurings and repinings.

Oh! Doctor, ſee the outlines of my ſituation, and pity me. I am amongſt a number of both ſexes whoſe pleaſures are my averſions, and whoſe amuſements I cannot reliſh. Quietude and the ſhade of life emparadiſe *me*, and yet the houſe wherein I lodge, is as public as an inn at a fair. I admire rural ornaments, and ſcenes of ſummer verdure beyond

imagination; I rejoice to ſee the bud broaden, and the bloſſoms expand to the ſun, yet the mountains of Arabia Deſerta exhibit not a proſpect more barren and unblooming, than that by which this BUXTON is bounded. I love moreover to ſtroll into the ſhop of an intelligent bookſeller, and there converſe with him upon the topic of recent publications; ---alas! the bookſeller of BUXTON has nothing in his ſhop but the traſh that circulates at a watering-place amongſt the women. I ran my eye over his catalogue, and never did I ſee ſuch a collection; Clelia, Caſſandra, Pamela, the Adventures of Cleopatra, Amuſements at the German Spa, and the Hiſtory of an Actreſs, were the beſt in this bad bundle. But though I ſaw folly, I made bold to aſk for ſenſe: at leaſt, what paſſes as ſuch.

I mentioned the Reviews---no body

called for *them*; it is not the *Ton* to be critical. I called for Magazines---none were ordered; Magazines are too multiplied, and too common to be the *Ton*. I rummaged every row for *philoſophy*---nobody ever reads philoſophy at a watering place. The Philoſophy of Fools might *ſurely* have found a place. I criticiſed the ſhelves for *morals*, but found them not. I ventured to aſk, but with ſome little heſitation, for Secker's Lectures---I ſeemed to have taken away the bookſeller's breath: he never heard of them. I took a turn round the ſhop, and (having forgot to bring any books with me, although very bookiſh) would have taken up with almoſt any thing *approximating* to the rational; but, in my progreſs, I had well-nigh overſet a glaſs-caſe of toothpicks, gold houſewives, embroidered pincuſhions, and emboſſed ſnuff-boxes.

And now it appeared, that this harlequin trader was rather a haberdaſher, than a bookſeller; or rather an ambiguous multiform merchant, dealing in the apparatus both of the ſoul and body.

On caſting my eyes towards a perſon at the other end of the ſhop, I ſaw her bending wire, to form what is in this merry age facetiouſly called, a cap; over this perſon's head in fair arrangement, were to be ſeen a goodly ſhew of bandboxes; and acroſs the window near which ſhe ſat, were ribbons variouſly and ridiculouſly twiſted, with ſeveral ſpecimens of her ſkill in decorating that part of the human body which is *now* more prepoſterous than any other. Seeing ſuch preparations for the *outſide* of the head, I gave up the idea of finding any *internal* furniture; ſo walking out of the ſhop,

ſhop, I aſked pardon for having ſo groſsly miſtaken a milliner's and toyman's for a vender of matter in the literary way.--- Juſt as I got to the door, a party of mighty pretty women, and my wife amongſt the reſt, (not the leaſt amiable, and who already knew every body,) came ruſtling into the ſhop, and in a liſping accent (it is not *toniſh* to ſpeak plain, and do the vowels juſtice), attuned to the articulation of a watering-place, deſired the haberdaſhery-millinery bookſeller to look for JULIA MANDEVILLE- -JULIA MANDEVILLE was not to be had, being, as ſaid the dealer, very much run upon. Then let us have SIDNEY BIDDULPH, ſaid the ladies---- Sidney Biddulph was out, being likewiſe a lady in conſtant requeſt. I'm for THE MISTAKES OF THE HEART, cried a very grave-looking woman; who ſurely

made a ſmall miſtake in the choice of her reading. I wiſh, my dear, (ſaid my wife to me, with a very well-bred civility, taking leſs notice of me than uſual---it is *quite* out of the *Ton* to be tender, Doctor,) you had brought Joseph Andrews along with you----Oh la! Ma'am, replied another, how can you poſſibly read ſuch *low* ſtuff? The adventures of a footman, a kitchen-wench, and a ſtrolling-parſon!---Nay, Madam, ſaid Harriet, don't ſay any thing againſt parſons, pray; remember I'm a clergyman's wife, and there he ſtands--an Abraham Adams every inch of him---a'n't you, my dear?

This was too much; I attempted to go forth, but Harriet caught me by the coat (it is preciſely the *Ton* to teaſe a huſband, Doctor). The poor ladies were

were in great anxiety to find THESE MISTAKES OF THE HEART had been carried off laſt ſeaſon, by a perſon who took the road to GRETNA GREEN---- the Scotch marrying village---with her footman, in her way to London; though ſome (ſaid the haberdaſher archly) may think *that* was going a roundabout way too. If we can't get THE MISTAKES, ſuppoſe rejoined the ladies, we have a flight to the PARADISE OF FOOLS? or Suppoſe we make a ſhift, till we can get ſomething *better*, with TOM JONES?---Aye, TOM JONES is tolerable enough, (ſaid a pale languid lady,) if he would but ſay more about the ſeraphic SOPHIA, and give us leſs nonſenſe about the old vulgar father, the fuſty aunt, and thoſe unentertaining horrid creatures, THWACKUM and SQUARE. He is ſhockingly tedious about thoſe fellows. As to his Introductory

ductory Chapters, as he calls them, I always ſkip 'em. Aye, Madam, ſaid another, if he were a little plainer in telling us what we are to expect, at the top of his chapters, it would be as well; in which caſe I really think it would be a *goodiſh prettyiſh* ſort of a novel, to *read once.* Tom Jones, it ſeems, was now in reading by Lady Sallow's coachman. —— The haberdaſher recommended FILIAL PIETY---the ladies were ſatisfied that it was a dull, ſerious, ſermoniſing thing, from the title. FILIAL PIETY indeed!---ſend it to Miſs Dorothy Deſolate, who is come to dip for the diſmals; or Lady Blab Bluebutter, who wants to drink away her frog-freckled complection---Ha! ha! ha! he! he! he! —he! he! he!---ha! ha! ha!

The laugh was now more violent than the

the wit was brilliant by which it was occaſioned, and my dear HARRIET joined in it moſt cordially.

They were about to depart without any books at all, when the haberdaſher mentioned ſome old volumes of the Spectator. They aſked him how he could be ſo gothic to talk about ſuch old things, which they had been *obliged* to read over and over again, when they were at their boarding-ſchools. Lord! (cried one of the damſels,) here is DELICATE EMBARRASSMENTS---Oh! the very thing ---worth all the Spectators that ever were *wrote*. Aye, take it, and let us go read it directly—It don't *end well*, I think, objected another; I had rather read EACH SEX IN THEIR HUMOUR.--- Here is *Something New*, ladies, ſaid the haberdaſher---As old as the poles, ſaid

the fair-ones.---What ſay you to ELOISA? ---Oh! by all means----Have you got ELOISA?---reach it this moment---Oh, the dear book! there are *three* letters in the firſt volume of that book, worth all the world.---Come, it's a naſty evening and not fit for walking, let us hurry away; and ſo ſend them, Mr. TRASHLY, to *The Hall* this inſtant. Come, Mr. HOMESPUN, (turning to me,) come, you ſhall *'ſquire* us.---[It is perfectly the *Ton*, my dear Doctor, for ladies at a watering-place, to uſe a huſband by the way of a walking-ſtick.]

You ſhall *ſquire* us, ſaid my wife, believing that ſhe did me infinite honour.

They fluttered out, caught me by the arm, and carried me off, in high triumph, ten times faſter than I ſhould have

have walked, had I been permitted to do as I thought proper. Indeed I was forced into a kind of trot: but it is a matter by no means allowable, to pleaſe yourſelf at a watering-place. Even now I am ſummoned by a meſſenger, who ſays, *the party* (of which I never heard a ſyllable before) are waiting for me, to go into the walks. I dare not ſtay to finiſh my letter, leſt I ſhould become *ridiculous*; for nothing in the world is ſo *toniſh* as to be *ridiculous:* ſo you muſt wait till I can next ſteal a moment *from* folly *for* friendſhip.

I am, dear Doctor,
Your moſt humble ſervant,
and, without the leaſt tincture of *Ton*,
your old firm friend,
HORACE HOMESPUN.

LET-

LETTER IX.

SEDLEY to THORNTON.

OH! for the genius of old HORATIUS FLACCUS, to compreſs a volume of facts within the foldings of a ſingle ſheet of paper! --- Hear,--ſee,--be convinced,--congratulate me, and ſing a *Te Deum* to thy friend, and to the immortal memory of STANHOPE.

The party of which I was made one, conſiſted of maſter miniſter HOMESPUN, his lady, an animal who burleſqued the coxcomb, and a fourth perſon who departed before the entrance of ſupper, ſo that of him I ſhall ſay nothing at preſent.—HOMESPUN and his wife are oppoſites, and therefore the better ſuited to the *trial of ſkill*. At firſt, I ſaid no more than

juſt

juſt to ſhew my breeding, and inclination to be happy in their ſociety. I let them ſhew off *themſelves* as much as poſſible, that I might accurately learn their tempers, before I ventured to attack them. This is one of the very firſt elementary principles of my ſyſtem. HOMESPUN ſoon diſcovered himſelf to be a grubber in books; and his lady, a grubber in the faſhions; in her temper, gay, giddy, good-natured, unſuſpicious, and uninformed. The coxcomb was of the neutral kind, but wiſhed to be flattered, for his taſte in perſonal ornaments; and of courſe, was flattered. Never was there a more cuious trio. The converſation turn'd at firſt, as it uſually does among the Engliſh, upon weather, then upon books, then upon dreſs, then upon the virtue of certain characters of the books, and laſt, upon the virtue of the BUXTON waters. I

accommodated

accommodated myſelf to the ſeveral changes with tolerable felicity. You muſt conſider me, however, but as a beginner; note my progreſs.

And, firſt, to touch the tender part of our bookworm, I obſerved, that the public ſuſtained a great loſs in the death of ſeveral literary ornaments of the age. I ſpoke critically, as to the ſatyric powers of CHARLES CHURCHILL; and poetically, as to the pindaric flights of GRAY. I entered into the intricacies of the epic, and drew the line betwixt the original HOMER and the imitator VIRGIL. I ſpoke of eaſe, in the ſtyle of TILLOTSON, of grace in ADDISON, and of the pathetic in the periods of YORICK. I affected even to diſcountenance the inuendo of TRISTRAM SHANDY, and I compared his licentious ſpirit with the voluptuous OVID. I pretended to diſcover an oſtentatious diſplay

of

of talents in the Orations and Epiſtles of CICERO; and I took care to ſuit every opinion to the *taſte* of the perſon I addreſſed, who had his ſhare in the converſation too, and who (as I have long ſince heard) mentions me to his friends as a paragon of learning. Take this, THORNTON, as a receipt to make a ſcholar a ſimpleton!

I muſt not forget to tell thee, that, when I was talking upon books, and mentioned the ELEMENTS OF CRITICISM, Mrs. HOMESPUN (though *no* ſimpleton) aſked me, with great ſimplicity, if that ſame criticiſm was a *novel*; to which the fop anſwered, *Yes*, it came out laſt year, and was written by an intimate friend of his; but that, tho' *he* puſhed it with all his intereſt, it did not *take*, and was now totally buried in oblivion.

I con-

I contradicted this with all poſſible politeneſs — *I imagined he might be miſtaken:* (never appear aſſured, THORNTON:) that work, *I believed,* was attributed to LORD KAMES---a writer, with whom I did *not doubt* but he was acquainted. Poſſibly he might confound the title a little, with others, ſimiliar to it; which might very eaſily be done. I had caught *myſelf* in ſuch errors a thouſand times. Mr. HOMESPUN chuckled at my candour, Mrs. HOMESPUN (I know by her eyes, I read every body's eyes) ſaid ſomething to her huſband, in a low voice, in my favour; and the fop himſelf, with a ſmile of complacence, but without any confuſion at detected ignorance,---he wants the taſte to bluſh---(ſuch, THORNTON, is the force of *manner!*)—ſaid, it was very likely he *might* be miſled by the title; that there were three or four *elements,* and

he

he was moſt ſuperlatively obliged to me for ſetting him right.

Upon the topic of *dreſs*, a fruitful theme, I took care to agree with Mrs. HOMESPUN in every particular; except that, now and then, I affected, in a gentle tone of voice, and ſubmiſſive ſmile of countenance, to differ from her, on purpoſe to throw the triumph on *her* ſide, make her happy in an ideal ſuperiority, the better to impreſs her with a proper notion of my good manners, in yielding to conviction.

About twelve o'clock, the fop hopped out, and took me by the hand in token of ſatisfaction. Honeſt HORACE (that is his right claſſical and Chriſtian name) conſiders me as his comforter, and declares that he hopes for ſome happineſs now,

now, even in a watering-place; while Mrs. HOMESPUN, or, as I ſhall call her hereafter, (to uſe as little as poſſible that vulgar name) HARRIET, makes no ſcruple of ſaying, I am the moſt chatty, agreeable man at the bath.

I caught her, THORNTON, twice meaſuring me from top to bottom, and then ſhe gave HORACE a ſurvey.------By the ſoft, half ſuppreſſed ſigh ſhe gave at the end of it, it is eaſy to ſee---whoſe dimenſions ſhe likes beſt.

"Thus far we run before the wind."

Oh! THORNTON, if I can once bring her to be diſcontented with her ſituation, ---if ſhe once begins to repent of her bargain, the day is my own! I never ſaw a pair of eyes more likely to fall in love than hers; they turn with a caſt of concu-

piſcence

piſcence to the azure corners. The eyes of HORACE are grey, and without luſtre. She hath the right lips of invitation: the vulgar HORACE ſmackt them at ſomething ſhe ſaid, but methinks the impreſſion he made, was only *ſkin-deep*. She is in full health, and in the hey-day of female youth.

Oh, THORNTON! THORNTON! pray earneſtly, that ſhe may be miſerable, and that the deſpair of her heart may be removed, only by thy friend!

PHILIP SEDLEY.

LET-

LETTER X.

THORNTON to SEDLEY.

HORACE HOMESPUN will, I perceive, have in due time a horn upon his head; and yet I feel a pang for the poor pedant.—Hang it, SEDLEY, why ſhouldſt thou pluck the roſe from the matrimonial pillow? Why plant a thorn in its ſtead?—But---but---I beg pardon: 'twas a tug of conſcience. I am aſhamed of the ſenſation. I half bluſh at the impoliteneſs. Go on, and proſper. I am all expectation, 'till I hear of the downfal of the bewitching HARRIET. Farewel.

JAMES THORNTON.

LET-

LETTER XI.

SEDLEY to THORNTON.

THE horrors of the gout, and the tremblings of the palſy ſeize thee, for throwing a thought acroſs me, that had well nigh torn a leaf of CHESTERFIELD from my heart!—The matrimonial roſe!--Oh, thou barbarian! Wouldſt thou ruin my principles, and have me act in repugnance to my Preceptor already!—Infidel, avaunt! My creed is eſtabliſhed. Dare not on thy life, THORNTON, dare not again attempt to make me an apoſtate to PLEASURE. Half-bred man, be ſilent and attentive. I have a ſcene to paint to thee might thaw the frigid feelings of an Anchorite.

About one o'clock in the morning, the eyes

eyes of Horace began to twinkle---what was before dull became dull*er*, till at laſt the four eye-laſhes met together, and covered the balls of ſight. HARRIET continued loquacious and lively, and reſolved not to go to bed till it was a more *modiſh* hour, inſiſting, that I ſhould keep her company. I humoured her vivacity till HORACE began to ſnore, and then ſhifted the converſation to ſomething leſs ſpirited, but to ſomething more attaching.

Part of the flowers, with which ſhe had been ſome time playing, fell on the floor---I took them up with a trembling hand, and put them into hers, with a preſſure ſcarcely perceptible. A ſudden bluſh came over her face in a moment. I took no notice of it; but catching up a myrtle-ſprig, kept it, ſportingly, as if to conceal

conceal a new ſigh---preſented it to her as the freſheſt on the table, and roſe to take my leave.

It was the exact moment of departure. She was viſibly agitated, and I would not ſee it. She took the ſprig and the leaves ſhook. I went ſoftly to the door ---left with her the compliments of the night, in a gentleneſs of the tones perfectly pathetic---lingered at the door a moment---complained that I could not open it haſtily for fear of diſturbing her huſband---at laſt, I *almoſt* ſhut it---half opened it again---played with the handle --ſtood the third of a minute, in a finely-diſſembled ſtate of embarreſſment-- once more bade farewell and indeed departed.

Adieu.

Another word, would ſpoil the ſcene.

PHILIP SEDLEY.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

From the Same to the Same.

A POST-CHAISE and four this inſtant ſtopt at the door of mine hoſt, in which were three new viſitants. The fore-glaſs was let down by a female hand, ſo exquiſitely white, and ſo full of promiſe, that I was induced to examine the other parts of the perſon to which it belonged.

THORNTON, ſhe is a cherubim! a mixture of beauty and breeding!

As ſhe ſtept from the chaiſe, ſhe diſcovered an ancle formed by harmony, and poliſhed

poliſhed by the Graces. Her ſhape is admirable. I only ſcribble this to announce her arrival at the bath. Thou knoweſt the reſt.

Adieu.

PHILIP SEDLEY.

LETTER XIII.

THORNTON to SEDLEY.

THY letter is juſt brought by the poſtman. A curſed circumſtance, that requires my attendance in town till next Wedneſday, prevents my preſent happineſs. But my horſe ſhall be at the door at Thurſday's dawn: and I will order relays, by which means I ſhall reach BUXTON at dinner. Take care of the Cherubim for thy friend.

Farewel.

JAMES THORNTON.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

SEDLEY to THORNTON.

ORDER not thy horſe to be bitted---put not thy preſumptuous foot in the ſtirrup. Invade not the ſacred proſpects of a friend's felicity. There are only two forms in BUXTON *worth* undoing---HARRIET HOMESPUN, and the Cherubim!---Sit quiet, and ſaddle not thy ſteed, if thou wiſheſt the continued affection of thy

PHILIP SEDLEY.

LETTER XV.

Miſs DELIA DELMORE, to Lady LUCY SAXBY.

THE journey has already had a good effect, my dear LUCY, upon poor FANNY. We travelled by eaſy ſtages, and I hope *much* from the alteration of air, even if the waters ſhould want virtue to reſtore her. The poor thing has been to all the baths in the kingdom, you know, except thoſe of BUXTON. Alas! I fear her diſorder has got too near her heart for medicine; the God that afflicts, can only, I believe, remove the affliction. Never was known ſo gradual a decline, and yet no application could ſtop its progreſs.----what a pity, Lucy, that ſuch a form ſhould be daily decaying,

ing, before the eyes of the moſt tender relations! Company, converſation, the ſimplicity of her diet, the wholeſomeneſs of the ſituation, are all that can be expected from a ſhort reſidence here, as the waters of BUXTON are not ſtrongly recommended in conſumptive complaints. She is always beſt in ſociety, and I am happy to tell you, the place is tolerably full. Her poor fond huſband hangs over her fading form, with more tenderneſs than when it was in its bloom. Pray Heaven theſe aſſiduities may prove ſucceſsful! I will write again ſoon.

DELIA DELMORE.

LETTER XVI.

Miſs DELIA DELMORE, in Continuation.

SOFTNESS to the ſick, is better than a cordial! FANNY ventured yeſterday to breakfaſt in public: her delicate form, beautiful in diſtreſs, inſtantly attracted, and *claimed*, what it *received*,---the attention of the whole company. She was dreſſed with her uſual ſimplicity, and ſuited her ornaments to her ſituation. In my life, I never ſaw any body, in the luxuriancy of health, half ſo intereſting. After the firſt diſh of tea, the fluſh, which was formerly a conſtant reſident, reviſited her cheek—the diſorder has not, in any degree, tinged her complexion

complexion—her forehead is, as it ever was, alabaſter white; and the veins, that meander round the temples, are ſo tranſparently blue, and the circulation ſeems to be performed ſo pacifically, one might almoſt envy the delicacy, which a cruel diſorder hath beſtowed upon her. In the eyes of ſeveral young ladies, who, by their florid appearance, came hither merely for amuſement, I ſaw the gliſtening drop of ſympathy---and the men, who were laughing at our entrance, ſoon ſoftened their voices, and ſpoke almoſt in a whiſper, in compliment to the lovely invalid, who appeared to *want* ſuch attention.

Fanny was ſenſible to their indulgence, and ſmiled acknowledgment. At laſt, in came a ſtranger, elegant and eaſy beyond deſcription.——*How*, my

Lucy, ſhall I proceed?—Fanny ſunk upon my arm, complained that ſhe was worſe on a ſudden, and roſe to go out: the ſtranger aſſiſted, with a gentleneſs not to be deſcribed, and ſhe tottered down ſtairs, under theſe ſupports, to her apartment.

I am ſo affected at preſent, that I can write no more.

LETTER XVII.

Mrs. MORTIMER to Miſs. SIDNEY.

HEAVEN ſcarce allows me ſtrength to tell you, that I am come to a place, of all others, in the habitable world, the moſt miſerable to me. The only perſon upon earth that I would have *avoided* is at the bath. God protect me, what *am* I to do! Pity and pray for, the dying

FANNY MORTIMER.

LETTER XVIII.

The Reverend HORACE HOMESPUN to Doctor DIGGORY.

Dear Friend,

I REALLY begin to think, I ſhall find ſome ſatisfaction at BUXTON bath. Amidſt a cluſter of inſignificant characters, one gentleman has diſtinguiſhed himſelf ſo much above the reſt, that I have at once gratified my pride, and curioſity, in obtaining his acquaintance.

He is intimately ſkilled in polite and elegant learning; perfectly well mannered, and not above converſing upon ſubject

ſubjects of divinity, and ethics, even at a *watering-place*. My wife ſays, he underſtands to a nicety, what, ſome of the waterers call, the ETIQUETTE of dreſs; ſo that, with the arts of a ſcholar, he has, it ſeems, the invention and taſte of a courtier, without any-thing of courtly inſincerity.

In truth, I am apt to think very favourably of him, eſpecially as his exterior does not ſeem more frank and open, than his interior is ingenuous and undiſguiſed. *One* ſuch character will atone for the ſtupidity of the *reſt*. As I am fond of, now and then, what I call a wood-walk, or a ramble by myſelf, I can now take *this* without a breach of good manners; for I can leave this accompliſhed gentleman with HARRIET, who is fond enough of his company to accept of him in *my* abſence.

I am

I am half inclined to forgive watering-places, becauſe they have, in the end, after much prior diſappointment, produced a companion, whoſe ſentiments of life, and maxims of *moral* conduct, do credit to himſelf, and honour to the ſpecies.

I am, dear Doctor,

Your faithful ſervant,

HORACE HOMESPUN.

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

Mrs. HOMESPUN to Mrs. LA MOTTE.

OH, that I could live at BUXTON for ever!

We have, ſince I laſt wrote to you, got acquainted with the handſomeſt man in the world; and though he is as good a ſcholar as HORACE, yet he underſtands, as well as I do, all the prettineſſes of *dreſs*, of which, you know, HORACE is entirely ignorant. Then he is ſo polite, ſo unaffected, he contradicts with ſuch gentleneſs—he is ſo open to conviction!—You know my averſion to filthy *cheeſe*. I happened only to *hint* this, and he ordered it never to be

brought again to the table, while I was at he bath; though Mr. HOMESPUN ſaid, I ought to ſuffer what was offenſive to *myſelf*, out of good-manners to the *company*.

'Tis hardly worth attending to, and perhaps you'll laugh at my *noticing* ſuch a trifle, but he ſits in a chair, eats his victuals, cuts it into ſlices, and holds his knife and fork as different from HORACE as poſſible, who, you know, ſometimes ſeems ſo over head and ears in thought, that he forgets the dinner is before him, picks his teeth, and ſits ſilent, till the cloth is ready to be taken away. Then again, as to carving, HORACE can no more do the honours of the table than a baby; he *miſſes the joint*, and ſometimes ſcatters the ſauce in ones face; —whereas *this* gentleman, hits the mark

as dexterouſly as a ſurgeon, helps the ladies to the greateſt delicacies, with ſuch a gentle manner, and with a countenance ſo ſmiling, that it is impoſſible to refuſe what he offers.

At ſupper laſt night, HORACE was in one of his thoughtful moods, and diſguſted me horribly.

There was a roaſted fowl; and HORACE, perceiving my plate empty, muſt needs fill it with one of the wings, which he made ſhift to mangle off with the knife with which he had been eating, though another for the purpoſe was lying on the other ſide of the diſh. Then he muſt needs make my wing ſwim with gravy, and, in awkwardly tilting the diſh, ſeveral drops flew upon the gentleman's waiſtcoat. Mr. SEDLEY

—that

—that is his name—ſaid, it was no matter; it was not eaſy to help ſuch accidents; and begged he would conſider it as of no ſort of conſequence.—Sweet fellow! Oh, that Horace would imitate him! He is now walking towards our lodgings, and Horace ſlouching by the ſide of him. Horace is, to be ſure, upright enough, but then he looks as ſtiff and uncomfortable as an over-ſtarched ſhirt.—Sedley moves as if he was quite happy: Mr. Homespun ſtruts as if he were in miſery. They are both at the door.

Adieu, adieu.

Harriet Homespun.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

SEDLEY to THORNTON.

THE proverb is verified: It cannot rain but it pours!—Pardon the vulgarity of a proverb, which is too apropos to omit—The Cherubim I mentioned to thee in my laſt, is a cherub of an inferior order, when compared with the SERAPH who came with her. She was at *that* time, muffled up and cloſe hooded; but when, on the next day, the veil was withdrawn, judge of my ſurprize, on beholding the very *She*, the charming *She*, whom laſt ſeaſon I met with her father, ſir HENRY DELMORE, at SCARBOROUGH, at the period when the Letters of my *divine Earl* became popular, and I had juſt bought a copy of them.

We

We lodged in the ſame houſe and I became agreeable to Sir HENRY. The very firſt trial I made to reduce my favourite precepts to practice, was upon the heart of this very girl, then glowing with all the graces of health, and endowed with all the enchantments of a *pathetic* temper. I ſoon pretended to loſe *my* vivacity, and became the ſofteſt ſon of ſentiment that ever was born. The net of ſilk, which I had diligently woven, became ſucceſsful; and I had certainly caught in it the faireſt prize in the creation, had not a cruel neceſſity called me from the bath.

Several tranſient tete-a-tetes I had with her there, gave me the opportunities I wiſhed. Her paſſion was imaginary, but pleaſing—ſhe fixed high the ſtandard of domeſtic felicity, and unreaſonably loved to refine.

To

To accommodate myſelf to *this*, was at firſt not eaſy; but before I quitted SCARBOROUGH, I was ſo diſtinguiſhed for the *penſeroſo*, that even Sir HENRY himſelf began to think I was falling into a hypocondriac diſorder, and uſed every effort to divert me.

Though I was then but a novice in the theory of joy, I had read enough of CHESTERFIELD to know the potency of *diſſimulation*; and, had it been in my power to have ſtaid *another week*, ſhould have, even *then*, added an illuſtrious example, to corroborate that glorious precept, which adviſes, "to adapt the character and converſation to the company."

Since theſe tranſactions, ſhe is altered, THORNTON,—altered in every part of her ſituation: ſhe is married, and in a conſumption; and yet, like certain fruits,

fruits, ſhe is delicious in decay. I was pleaſed to ſee her diſordered at the firſt interview; the little blood that painted her cheek diſappeared, her knees ſhook, and her hands trembled. This, too, was in a public breakfaſting-room. Judge how her agitation muſt alarm the company, and operate among the women. Who knows, THORNTON, but the beautiful invalid may have brought herſelf to this ſtate, upon *my* account? If ſo ought not *I* to pity her?—and ought not *ſhe* to thank the gods, that I again "am come to comfort her?" At all events, *you* ought to congratulate me, and once again ſing *Io pæan*, to the canonized bones of CHESTERFIELD.

Adieu.

PHILIP SEDLEY.

LET-

LETTER XXI.

From the Same to the Same.

THE HOMESPUNS are secured; I have them by the *heart*, and enjoy, in an equal degree, the *confidence* of the wife and husband.

HORACE has many *addities*, of which his wife is lately become sensible; and it has been *my* business, to excuse them to her. He is addicted to catch hold of the button, and in the ardour of philosophical and systematic conversation, tugs it most immoderately. Last night, in supporting a favourite opinion, which

was

was oppoſed ſtoutly by the fopling, he ſeized the wrought-button, and tore his fingers againſt the raiſed-work on the ſurface, till the blood fairly guſhed out in a ſtream and ſpotted his ſables. The fop ſwore,—I checked him with *temper*: the parſon cooled in his *argument*,—and I applied an handkerchief to the wound, and thus ſaved them both from *looking ſilly*.

HORACE's nails are not quite ſo *accurately clean* as they might be; and, as I obſerved Mrs. HOMESPUN comparing them with *mine*, I ſuddenly cloſed my hand, as *if* out of tenderneſs, leſt the compariſon ſhould turn to HORACE's diſadvantage; yet this *very* tenderneſs, *ſo managed*, anſwered the deſign compleatly; and I can ſee plainly, HARRIET thinks hardly of HORACE for neglecting

to

to pick the dirt from under his nails: while, on the other hand, when he and I are *together*, we laugh at the fopperies of the times, and ſeem mutually to deſpiſe all its DELICATESSE.

Adieu.

PHILIP SEDLEY

LET-

LETTER XXI.

THORNTON TO SEDLEY.

CORMORANT in pleaure! inſatiate conqueror! What, is not one object ſufficient at a time? Muſt thy bow have ſeven ſtrings to it? and canſt thou not be ſatisfied with the victory thou wilt ſoon gain over the buxom HARRIET, but thou muſt plot captivity for the Cherubim, and hope to carry *all* before thee? This is illuſtrating thy favourite Lord's maxims with a witneſs! And wilt thou not beſtow a ſingle beauty to thy friend? Be this as it may, ſpare——I conjure thee, ſpare the delicate diſtreſſed—harm not the gentle FANNY; but ſuffer her to live,

the

the ſhort remainder of her days, in the purity of conjugal careſſes--ſpot not the ermine of *expiring chaſtity*, but let her ſpirit aſcend, immaculate, to heaven.

Do this, if thou art a *man!* The high in *health* may admit, and return thy revels; but pity the *ſick* ſiſter, and let not the maxims of thy Preceptor be made ſubſervient to ſanctify barbarity. If thou trieſt to enſnare the ſinking ſoul of FANNY MORTIMER, thou art a fiend, and unworthy the friendſhip of thy

J. THORNTON.

P. S.

Is it not ſaid, in the volume of thine Oracle, " A man is fit neither for buſineſs or pleaſure, who either does not

or cannot command and direct his attention to the preſent object, and in ſome degree baniſh, for *that* time, all other objects from his thoughts ?"

How is this admonition conſiſtent with thy ſcheme of three at a time? Study to be conſiſtent, or all is over.

LETTER XXII.

SEDLEY to THORNTON.

THE very worſt reaſoner in the dominions of GEORGE, is JAMES THORNTON, Eſq.

And ſo, becauſe I have an eye upon *three*, thou ſuppoſeſt I muſt needs be inconſiſtent, and irregular! Doſt thou not know, that the ſame Oracle adviſes, a quickneſs of attention, an unobſerved obſervation, the art of ſeeing all the people in the room without appearing to look *critically?* Is there not, according to that Oracle, pretty nearly the ſame degree of deception in every character;

and are we not to turn all this hypocriſy to *our* advantage, even while we *ſeem* to think every body *honeſt?*

The great nicety in my preſent ſituation, *thou* doſt not ſee; nor will I be at the pains to develope it to ſo awkward an arguer.

What a concluſion haſt thou drawn, indeed, from my having *three* objects in view! not conſidering, that I am as cool and collected as if I had but *one*; and that I have a capacity, equal to the conqueſt of thirty times three.

Learn to know me better.

I am too well diſciplined in my ſyſtem, to be precipitate, or to hazard the mortification of being diſappointed, by raſhly

raſhly ſeizing that which I perceive can only be obtained gradually, by the ſucceſsful efforts of reſiſtleſs inſinuation.

The maſter of my Art ſays, very truly,---"Little minds are in a hurry, "when the object proves too big for "them: they run, they puzzle, con- "found, and perplex themſelves; they "want to do every thing at once, and "never do it at all. But a man of ſenſe "takes the time for doing the thing he "is about, well; and his haſte to diſ- "patch a buſineſs, only appears by the "continuity of his application to it: he "purſues it with a cool ſteadineſs, and "finiſhes it before he begins any other."

This laſt ſentence, THORNTON, thou mayſt think, claſhes with my preſent attack upon the three beauties of BUXTON.

Thou art *again* miſtaken.

I am not in a hurry to be happy. Like a man of reſolution, I can watch the progreſs of a favourite purſuit, and ſee it proſper under my eye, without ſeizing the final recompence of my labour, till it is the proper *criſis*.

To bring theſe arguments home to the points in queſtion, thou muſt underſtand, that, had only HARRIET HOMESPUN been at the bath, I ſhould have been contented till *her* yielding; but, as the Fates have thrown two *ſiſters* in my way, of which one happens to be an old acquaintance, but whom accident permitted to ſlip through my fingers *unconquered*, I muſt ſuit myſelf to the triple tie, that chance hath laid upon me, with as much adroitneſs

as

as I am able. And *this* is the delicacy in my ſituation, to which in the beginning of this letter, I alluded.

One great part of my ſyſtem is, to make people, who are to give *me* happineſs, happy in themſelves. I muſt, to this end, take care to avoid making any of theſe dear creatures *rivals* to each other:---to *boaſt* of amours, thou knoweſt, is utterly repugnant to the STANHOPEAN principle. *Preſs*, *read* the *eyes*, *fix* the *heart*, but keep the joy to *thyſelf*; nor ever, with raſcal loquacity, betray the infirmity of her, whoſe indulgence has given thee delight.

To one friend I have *ventured* to diſcloſe myſelf in the very confidence of my ſoul. If thou *betrayeſt* me, though but in the hour of ebriety—it does not ad-

mit of an *if*,---thou art a guarded, honourable character.

No more, I pr'ythee, as to plurality of objects.

The CHESTERFIELD ſyſtem admits not the fearful and filthy intercourſe of *venal* women. *He* could not allow horrid and vulgar hazards: "Avoid," ſaith he, (in his cœleſtial chapter on pleaſures,) "the fate of the *promiſcuous* fornicator: "what a wretch is a rake with half "a noſe, crippled by coarſe and in-"famous debauches!"

Hence, THORNTON, it is evident, that a man is juſtified (provided he keeps the ſecret) to ſearch the circle of the earth for thoſe favours, and elevated connexions, that bring along with them the honey without

without the ſting. It is beneath a *gentleman*, to beat round the bagnios, or criticiſe the brothel. Leave *ſuch* to the appetites of apprentices, whoſe vulgar palates can digeſt any-thing. Be it the buſineſs of thoſe who are governed by the *laws of good-breeding*, to enliſt themſelves under the *white banner of apparent modeſty*, and invite embraces, unallayed by terrors and ſuſpicions.

The conſtitution of a man of faſhion, demands, in theſe caſes, the utmoſt circumſpection: the *wife*, the *virgin*, and the FRIEND, only, promiſe this *bliſsful ſecurity*. To them, then, let us direct ourſelves in ſelf-defence, and thus procure the perſonal paradiſe, in which the roſes of beauty bloom without a *thorn*.

I have ſaid thus much to ſilence thee, once for all, as to the nature of my favourite principle; which thou now perceiveſt to be, not more pleaſing than *rational*. No more, then, of thy whining paſſages about pity, and virtue, and all the et-cætera of *parſonly* cant.

The man of taſte and faſhion moves above it.

Adieu.

PHILIP SEDLEY.

LETTER

LETTER XXIII.

The Reverend HORACE HOMESPUN to Doctor DIGGORY.

Dear Doctor,

WE are all wrong again!

The head of poor HARRIET is certainly turned; and, inſtead of a cure being performed, ſhe is certainly diſtracted, by theſe ſame waters of BUXTON. This day we drank tea in private, and never heard I ſuch a train of converſation as ſhe fell into. Why, Doctor, ſhe is *gone*----her interlects I mean----paſt redemption.

For

For the firſt time in her life, ſhe found fault with every-thing I did. She inſiſted upon it, I drank my tea *too hot*, which was not only, ſhe ſaid, injurious to the coat of the ſtomach, but ſhockingly *indelicate*.

The tea-ſpoon was not managed to her ſatisfaction. I ſipped too *loud* from the *ſaucer*, when it would, I find, have been *genteeler* to apply a *ſilent* lip to the *cup*. Nay, what is worſe than all this, I had the misfortune to fold the bread and butter *inelegantly*; and it would have been better there too, if I had put the *end*, rather than the *ſide* of it, to my mouth firſt.

But that which moſt aſtoniſhed me, was her objection to the good old cuſtom of *turning down* my cup, which ſhe ſaid was out of the TON, and that it would give

give her great pleaſure, if, in future, I would lay the *ſpoon acroſs* the cup.

I was perfectly petrified, and yet "held "my tongue, and ſpake nothing." She propoſed walking, and, as I really thought the air might do the poor creature's head good, I drew on my gloves, and attended her towards the well-walk. Alas! Doctor, nothing, I fear, can bring her about; for ſhe grew ten times worſe than ever, and if I was aſtoniſhed before, I was now almoſt ſtruck dead with the hugeneſs of my amazement.

I had not the happineſs to hit her fancy even in my walk, which ſhe very fairly told me, was *ridiculous*; and that I held up my head too high, turned *in* my toes too much, and wanted the *Graces* in my arms.

She actually made an objection to the *manner* in which my wig was powdered, ſaid it was all patches, and had not the regular ſprinkling of a man of faſhion.

Upon this, I ventured gently to tell her, that I was but a country curate, that I had no pretenſions to *faſhion*—that I had, for my own part, nothing to do at a watering-place, but to oblige her—that I was very ſorry for the loftineſs of my head, which, for the time to come, ſhould be carried with more humility—that, if it would give her any pleaſure, I would take care to ſtoop till I bent neck and ſhoulders together—that, as to inverſion of the toes, I would learn to dance, late in the day as it was for me, and inconſiſtent as ſuch a part might be thought to the clerical character—in regard to my arms, that I had hitherto only

uſed

ſed them in the ordinary offices of life, nd found they performed very well for plain man; but that, if ſhe had any favourite attitudes, or wiſhed me to exhibit in any poſtures to which ſhe was particularly partial, I would practiſe vigilantly at the looking-glaſs, and, rather than want the *Graces* ſhe ſpoke of, would abſolutely learn the exerciſe, and go through all the forms and ceremonies of legs, arms, head, and hands, like a young recruit. At the ſame time I begged her to conſider, that, as we had, ſince the day of our union, lived harmoniouſly, I warmly hoped we ſhould not be put out of tune by trifles, which are in themſelves inſignificant, even if we admitted them to be eſſential to the *etiquette* of a watering-place; I, moreover, told her to remember, that I was at leaſt a *faithful* huſband, and made her happineſs the ſtudy, practice, and contrivance, of my

whole life: and that, ſurely, where the cardinal duties were obſerved, it mattered little whether the toes were the breadth of a barley-corn too much in or out, or the head half an inch too lofty, or half an inch too low. I would have proceeded in my defence, but that my good friend Mr. SEDLEY at that inſtant came to my relief, told us, *as he advanced with warmth, vivacity, and a chearful countenance, that,* "*if we did juſtice to* "*his attachment to us, we might judge* "*of the joy he felt in ſeeing us ſo fre-*"*quently chuſe a private path, which* "*was to him a certain indication of ma-*"*trimonial felicity.*"

There was ſomething ſo pretty in his ſpeech, that it made an impreſſion on my memory, and I have copied it *verbatim.* In leſs than half an hour, Mrs. HOMESPUN recovered her reaſon; her

late

late lunacy was never hinted at, and, hoping to continue her good-nature, I invited this moſt agreeable gentleman to take another bit of ſupper with us.

The manner in which he accepted the invitation, trebled the ſenſe of the favour he did me by his company. What a gratification it is to have ſo ſenſible and entertaining a friend at a watering-place!

Dear Doctor,

I am yours truly.

HORACE HOMESPUN.

LETTER.

LETTER XXIV.

SEDLEY *to* THORNTON.

A MAN, THORNTON, who is *true* to the reliſh of pleaſure, can extract extacy even from diſappointment.

Since the firſt moment I caſt my eye upon the bewitching HARRIET, I marked her for my own; and *ſhe* hath ſince been the *grand* point of all my inſinuation and ingenuity. Not a ſingle article hath been neglected that could touch her imagination, move her heart, and catch her *favourite weakneſſes*. I paid court to her fancy, to her feelings, to her foibles. Conſtant attendance hath done the buſi-

neſs

neſs I expected it would, and I have but one effort more, to be maſter of *all* that the fineſt woman in the world has to beſtow.

Laſt night, my THORNTON, was the conſcious period that yielded up every tranſport but *the one*. HORACE was requeſted to perform the funeral-ſervice over the corpſe of a fellow who died by a dropſy; (as the parſon of the pariſh was indiſpoſed;) and, it ſeems, he was to be buried at a town a mile diſtant from our lodgings.

He went.—The opportunity was not to be omitted. I exerted myſelf. I ſparkled in the luſtre of STANHOPEAN ſentiments—I became eloquent, and ſoon communicated a part of *my* ardour to the troubled boſom of HARRIET.

In

In a few minutes HOMESPUN returned; he is no reader of looks, and I took my leave for the night with that *eaſy intrepid aſſurance* which belongs to the great character I have adopted.

And now, THORNTON, am I not a tolerable proficient in the ſcience of diſſimulation? Does any-thing come amiſs to me? Can I not *aſſume with eaſe, and wear with chearfulneſs, every ſhape?* Are not heat, cold, luxury, abſtinence, gravity, gaiety, ceremony, eaſineſs, learning, trifling, buſineſs, and pleaſure, modes which, according to my Preceptor's advice, I am able to take, lay aſide, or change occaſionally, with as much eaſe as I would take and lay aſide my hat?—But you may expect nobler illuſtrations of this hereafter. I am yet in the outſet of my adventures---ſporting (by way of trial)

rial) with jejune experiments. The ext time I can ſend THEE out of the vay, HORACE HOMESPUN, beware! Thou haſt juſt eſcaped a ſore evil.

THORNTON, adieu.

PHILIP SEDLEY.

LET

LETTER XXI.

The Reverend HORACE HOMESPUN to Doctor DIGGORY.

Dear Doctor,

SUCH a night as the laſt, I never paſſed. My poor wife has had a relapſe, Doctor. It returned at midnight upon her, and raged with the moſt frightful violence for above two hours. She is abſolutely delirious, and I am the moſt wretched of men.

About an hour after we were in bed, ſhe complained that there was no bearing

the

the heat; though, in truth, this is one of the coldeſt places in England, and it had rained all the preceding evening. I felt her pulſe, and it was immoderately full, tumultuous, and rapid. I kiſſed her with all the tenderneſs of a ſympathiſing huſband;---ſhe aſked me, How I could poſſibly be *ſo cruel?* I offered to lay her dear head upon my boſom, as upon the pillow of affection, judging that ſhe would be pleaſed with my aſſiduities. Her eyes were ſtreaming in tears---her face was on fire---the ſighs came from her, palpably againſt her conſent. I preſſed to know the cauſe of this; at leaſt, to what ſhe attributed it; and offered to throw on my cloaths, and procure a Doctor. Her cure, ſhe told me, was out of the reach of a Doctor; but that, if I would not ſuffer her to be quiet without fretting her by my officiouſneſs,

ſhe

ſhe would be under the neceſſity of getting out of the bed, and ſit till the morning in a chair. A little time after this, ſhe changed her manner, and with a kinder tone of the voice aſked me, if I would conſent to return home as ſoon as it was light? She caught my hand, begged my pardon, wetted it with her tears, and begged I would excuſe her infirmity. I drew her, fond and cloſe to my heart; and I felt *hers*, at that moment, leap with agony. In the next moment ſhe requeſted me to leave her, covered herſelf haſtily head over ears with the bed-cloaths, and, ſaying that ſhe wiſhed I was wrapping her in the ſhroud, ſunk ſobbing upon her pillow. Oh! Doctor, what ſhall I do? What can be the matter? I am really unconſcious of offence. She is now in bed---perhaps, ſleep may alleviate her diſorder. The

worſt

worſt of it is, ſhe will not allow me to ſpeak to any third perſon; and, as I myſelf know nothing of either maladies, or their proper medicines, I am dreadfully alarmed, and tremble for the conſequence.

Dear Doctor,

I am your unhappy friend,

HORACE HOMESPUN.

LETTER XXVI.

From the Same to the Same.

Dear Doctor,

CERTAINLY, Mr. SEDLEY is the beſt young man in England. When he came to pay me the compliments of the morning, he found me in a very dejected ſituation; and though he was far from inquiſitive, yet I could not conceal from his aſking eye the nature of my calamity. Poor young Gentleman! it was evident that he *felt* for me: his countenance loſt in a moment, all that fine glow that is natural to it; and, if

my fancy does not deceive me, he had ſome difficulty to prevent a tear from ſtarting. He aſſured me, that words were never made to do juſtice to the feelings of wounded friendſhip; that he was more intereſted in every-thing that concerned me and my wife, than he could expreſs; and that, if I would ſuggeſt ſome little pretence, either of buſineſs or of invitation, to leave him with Mrs. HOMESPUN in the evening, he would certainly either comfort her by every miniſtration of the ſincereſt friendſhip, or, at worſt, he would find out the reaſons for her anxiety, and the nature of her complaint; after which, he very well obſerved, the remedy would be eaſy. At this generous propoſal, in which his worthy diſpoſition was manifeſt, I was ready to weep; and, as we embraced each other at parting, our

voices became of no uſe to us, and we could only ſhew, by our ſympathiſing enfoldings, that we had a ſincere and Chriſtian regard for each other.

I am,

Dear Doctor,

Your moſt faithful ſervant,

HORACE HOMESPUN.

LETTER XXVII.

Mrs. HOMESPUN to Mrs. LA MOTTE.

OH, CHARLOTTE! CHARLOTTE! what a perplexity am I thrown into, by this ſcheme of pleaſure? Accurſed be the hour in which I ſet my foot upon the confines of BUXTON! Unconſcious of any violent partialities, I was contented while I was ignorant. In the dreary village, where our parſonage is a *palace*, I was ſufficiently happy, becauſe I ſaw nobody ſuperior to Mr. HOMESPUN. I was the Miniſter's lady, and the wives and daughters of the neighbourhood paid me the compliment of their beſt curtſey. My HORACE really looked handſome in

his Sunday canonicals, and I viewed him in the pulpit with pleaſure.

But, alas! my CHARLOTTE, the ſcene is changed. I have been ſeveral days in a place of politeneſs, where HORACE is the moſt aukward of the circle. My eyes are now opened to his imperfections ---I *ſee* them, I *feel* them, I *deteſt* them. He is a lump of learning, without ductility, without ſoftneſs, without---what Mr. SEDLEY calls, *the Graces*. I am ſometimes obliged to aſk ſeveral times before I can obtain an anſwer to the moſt ordinary queſtion, and then, at laſt, he burſts from his reverie, and pretends not to have heard me ſpeak to him. Can any-thing be ſo diſguſting? His converſation is unlike that of the reſt of the company; and, inſtead of bearing apart, in little, ſocial, and endearing *chit-chat*, he talks eternally about Locke, and Livy,

Livy, and Cicero, the Elements of Criticiſm, the Problems of Euclid, and ſuch fellows---and many a time, when I have wanted him to put a pin in my handkerchief, or ſuch little offices of endearment, he has been wrapt up in meditation, and then ſtared me full in the face without knowing I was in the room.

Then, he actually has a ſtrange ſhy manner of treating me as a wife. There is no delicacy in his air, when he takes my hand: he ſhakes it indeed HEARTILY, but then he has the fat fiſt of a graſier, even though in other reſpects he is diſagreeably thin. If you was once in the company of Mr. SEDLEY---he is called the *handſome* SEDLEY here---you would never forget---gentle, graceful, elegant, ſoft, genteel, and eloquent.—Heigho! —Why, CHARLOTTE, why did I marry, before I had ſeen ſomething of the

world? Or, rather, Why, after I *was* married, why did I ever ſtray from carts and cottages, to the delightful dangers of a watering-place?——But I muſt hide my letter; Mr. HOMESPUN is coming towards the houſe, as erect as a walking-ſtick.

Adieu.

HARRIET HOMESPUN.

LETTER XXVIII.

Miſs DELIA DELMORE to Lady LUCY SAXBY.

FANNY is much diſordered, my dear LUCY; the fainting with which ſhe was ſeized at the breakfaſt-rooms, has preyed on her ever ſince. Her ſpirits are greatly agitated. Her huſband attends her, with the diligence of a nurſe, and cannot be perſuaded to leave her chamber. The poor girl often drops the tear of gratitude; but ſpeaks leſs than uſual, as ſhe ſays, talking exhauſts her. She has twice hinted her wiſhes to be removed from hence, either to my father's, or to SCARBOROUGH, as we thought proper: and begs her removal may be pretty late at night, for company, ſhe

ſays, rather diſturbs her, ſince her laſt accident. Poor MORTIMER, her huſband, ſees her dying by inches before his face, and his unavailing officiouſneſs appears now and then, to go too near the heart of the ſinking FANNY. She is too indiſpoſed to remove at preſent: for my part, I have not been able to ſet my foot yet in the ſtreet: I love my ſiſter too tenderly, to leave her with a ſtrange woman, in a ſtrange place, eſpecially with one, who is merely paid for her attention, and who, conſequently, can have none of thoſe charming thoughts that enter into the heart of a tender relation. Sometimes, my dear, the changing a poſture, ſometimes the ſhifting a pillow, or fixing a chair, does more by the *method* of doing it, than all the elaborate efforts of an avowed nurſe. A Mr. SEDLEY---who is ſaid to be the beauty of the bath, and was the perſon

tha

that handed FANNY down ſtairs, and was very obliging during her illneſs,---ſends every day, very reſpectfully, to know how the ſick lady improves in her health. As many of both ſexes were witneſs to poor FANNY's diſtreſs, and as people *ſhould* have a fellow-feeling, in places of general reſort for cures, as well as faſhions, I wonder *others* have not paid this ſweet girl the ſame compliment.

The *manner* in which this gentleman makes the enquiry, is pretty: he does not preſume upon the privilege of a public place, and ſend a blundering foot-boy with a meſſage, nor does he come, intruding *himſelf*, but he uſually writes a little billet, (every day varied, and conſiſting a new turn,) in which his expreſſions diſcover at once accompliſhment and high-breeding; and, what puts

it

it out of any body's power to miſcon-ſtrue it into deſign, he always addreſſes his cards to Mr. MORTIMER. As my brother was reading one of theſe this morning to his wife, ſhe deſired to look at the hand, but had ſcarce held it to her eye, before ſhe dropt the paper, and, letting her arm fall languidly on the pillow, ſaid, very ſoftly, that ſhe could not manage it, and was weaker than ſhe imagined.

She is now in a gentle doſe, and I took the opportunity it gave, to inform my dear LUCY of our preſent melancholy ſituation. Sir HENRY and my mother are expected hourly. If FANNY really dies, my mother will certainly go diſtracted. Heaven bleſs you, and yours.

DELIA DELMORE.

LETTER

LETTER XXIX.

Mrs. La Motte to Mrs. Homespun.

In the name of heaven, Harriet, what are you about? Your letters alarm me beyond imagination. You are in the road to ruin: I see you upon the very verge of perpetual infamy. You can now mark the little imperfections of a husband: you are blind to his many virtues. You have cast your eye on a man, whose person and manners you like better: with *this* man, you have been already left *alone*: you *may* be left alone *again*. The next step is too apparent to be mentioned: you are very gay, very young, very inexperienced: there is but one way left to prevent your destruction,

and

and *that* is, to return home directly, and make any excuſe to HORACE for the abruptneſs of your departure. I know nothing of the SEDLEY you ſpeak, nor do I wiſh to know him. Better had it been, on all hands, if *you* were as ignorant of him as I am. It is plain he hath pleaſed you *too well*; ſince the pleaſure is bought at the dear price of hatred to the beſt of huſbands. Yes, HARRIET, your HORACE is the beſt of huſbands. He is an *honeſt* man, if he is not a *brilliant* man; and, if he does not ſhine in ſociety, he hath an excellent heart, and a ſimplicity of manners, truly amiable. The little points of objection you have made are, when weighed againſt his various virtues, light, and of no account; while, on the other hand, SEDLEY has, very probably, nothing but an *elegance in trifling* to ſet him off.

Waving,

Waving, however, these points, my dear, let us come to others more startling. You are a wife, you are pregnant, you are advanced far in that pregnancy, you have a clear character, you have the love of an innocent neighbourhood---- Away!---Away! Order your chaise this instant to the door. The matter does not admit of a moment's debate. I hasten to seal up my letter, and I beg, for God's sake, for your own sake, and for that of all that *love you*, or that *you love*, that you will deliver your answer by word of mouth.

I shall catch you to my breast, as a dear friend, just escaped from a precipice,--- as a treasure I have luckily rescued, in the minute of despair, from the surrounding flames. Adieu: Adieu. I enjoin you to be expeditious!

CHARLOTTE LA MOTTE.

LETTER XXX.

Mrs. Homespun to Mrs. La Motte.

(Before the Receipt of the above.)

YOUR HARRIET is ſomething happier than when ſhe laſt ſat down to addreſs you. Mr. SEDLEY has pleaded the cauſe of poor HORACE ſo perſuaſively, and *that* behind his back, (there's a generous man for you!) that I have been induced to aſk his pardon, and I am reſolved to treat him with more politeneſs, which I find is indiſpenſible in the conduct of a married woman to her huſband, even though he were indifferent to her.

We have paſſed together a very happy afternoon,

afternoon; and though I do not find any greater degree of tenderneſs for HORACE, yet, as I know how to make him happy, by merely ſuppreſſing thoſe ſentiments in his diſfavour, which can do *me no ſervice* to diſcover, I feel the ſweets of *diſguiſeing the truth* upon ſome occaſions. I have reſtored HORACE to perfect ſerenity, and I as ſincerely thank Mr. SEDLEY, for taking me to taſk. Adieu.

I am,

Dear CHARLOTTE,

Your affectionate,

HARRIET HOMESPUN.

LETTER

LETTER XXXI.

SEDLEY to THORNTON.

THE first blow is not yet finally given. Opportunity hath not ſufficiently favoured temptation. My ſyſtem, not only demands that I ſhould preſerve the charming fact, *private*, but the reputation of both the man and the woman, *unſuſpected*. I am not to be a harum-ſcarum rake, who, bruti-ſhly as boyiſhly, boaſts of his ſucceſſes, but a poliſhed man of pleaſure; one, who is to bathe the ſenſes in bliſs, *under the roſe*, while *(in public)* he is to ſuſtain a fair character, and *paſs upon men* (who only

only look upon the ſurface) as a pattern of purity, and a model for morals.

HARRIET is a bewitching, illiterate, ſweet piece of unpractiſed Nature. *Her* paſſions are ardent, but I muſt take care to guard againſt working up *my own*. All the power of conquering diſſimulation is over, when once DESIRE ſeizes the helm from the cautious hand of cool and deliberate REASON. "*Vigour and ſpirit*" are mere madneſſes, without "*verſatality* and *complacence*." Upon this principle, I muſt walk without deviation, like a faithful pupil, in the path that is chalkt out for me. It is my buſineſs to "lead right reaſon in the "triumphant fetters and ſhackles of the "heart and the paſſions." In order to accompliſh this, THORNTON, I muſt keep *myſelf* collected, and never ſtrike, till

till I have fully thrown every body about me off *their* guard, and till I can, then, gratify, conquer, and triumph, in full ſecurity. My blood, THORNTON, ſhall ſeem more cool and complacent than a turtle's. HARRIET's, I ſee, is upon the boil: yet ſhe *has* beauty enough to ſtir me; and when the *ſecure* moment offers itſelf, her wiſhes ſhall not be vain.

Adieu.

PHILIP SEDLEY.

LETTER

LETTER XXXII.

SEDLEY to THORNTON.

I HAVE appeared in public. I dined this day at the ordinary. *Ordinary* indeed! ſuch a room full of emptineſs I never beheld: citizens apeing the men of mode, women of ſallow countenances, and frippery fops, who would be thought witty and elegant, when they are merely ſaucy, dull, and affected. Alas, THORNTON, what a pity, what a mortification! I have not a ſingle competitor,—I mean not in the point of *gallantry*, for that militates againſt my ſyſtem of pleaſure,—but, horrid to tell, there is no one of *my* ſex from whom I can gain any real honour in the compariſon. However,

ever, as even blockheads are worth gaining, and their hearts worth misleading; as they have all foibles to flatter, and weaknesses that may be for our interest to work upon; I began to shew off, and brought the whole company over, as my admirers. I practised all the charming conversation rules of DORMER, with as much facility as if I had been their author: and, indeed, they are so suited to my own natural sentiments, that I only consider *him* as having *written*, what *I* long ago *thought*, and what, indeed, I will henceforward invariably practise, till I am incapable of further enjoyment. I had the happiness to sit parrallel to the very fop, already recorded in my correspondence; and he was *over-dressed* to all the extravagance of the *Ton*; while *I*, had the advantage, of not in any sort,

invading

invading the modeſty of Nature. The fool lookt as if he piqued himſelf upon his gaudineſs; he ſtroaked his ruffles, diſplayed the baubles of his watch, perkt up his head to gaze in the pier-glaſſes, pulled his decorated watch in and out of his fob ſeveral times, eyed himſelf aſkance, and figitted up and down in his chair, with all the *inſignificant whiffling agility* of the monkey in the fable, who had ſeen the world.

Cloſe to the ſide of this powdered popinjay, ſat an unwieldly animal, who to the ill manners of a bear, united the uncouthneſs of an elephant, without half its ſagacity; and who, in feeding, ſcattered his offals around, to the utter diſmay of the coxcomb, who, fearful of complaining, and alarmed at the ſize of the antagoniſt, took ſhelter at a ſmall table, or rather ſide-board, and fluttered himſelf clean,

clean, while the monſter enjoyed his embarraſſment. I am happy to tell thee, that, though this piece of pleaſantry ſet the unpoliſhed table in a roar, I commanded my features, and did not give way to ridicule. Hitherto I have *never laughed out* ſince I came to BUXTON, and I ſolemnly hope (with the grace of THE Lord before my eyes) I ſhall never be booriſh, or boiſterous enough to laugh *out* again, while I have being.

Know, moreover, THORNTON, that I ate elegantly, and drank diſcreetly. I *ſmiled* at a thouſand *dull* ſtories, and only told *one* myſelf, and that, inconceivably *a-propos*. I heard long talkers, without appearing to be tired, and I looked every perſon whom I addreſſed *full in the face*. I dreſſed my countenance in ſoftneſs, and gave the *doceur* to all my motions. I

interrupted no man, contradicted cautiously, palliated tenderly, decided a dispute betwixt the fop and the glutton with a *good-humoured pleasantry*, caught the habits of the company, swore not at all, and adapted my conversation to every speaker. The consequence was, THORNTON, that I was immediately known to be *somebody*: and rose in my consequence till I was the admiration of *every body*: my company was cherished, my absence was regretted, and at my going out of the room, a buzz of universal approbation—Oh the exquisite murmur!--follow me down stairs. In a word, THORNTON, the fops were annihilated, the prattlers silenced; every crest was fallen; and I went off in the compleatest triumph of uncontested elegance. SEDLEY—only SEDLEY was the burden of the song.

And thus, having ſettled my reputation, and eſtabliſhed myſelf PUBLICLY, it only remains that I enjoy my popularity by *appearing* to deſerve it; and then I may bid defiance to cenſure, and then—WELCOME VOLUPTUOUSNESS!

Adieu.

PHILIP SEDLEY.

LET.

LETTER XXXIII.

THOMAS at the Bath to TIMOTHY in Town.

Buxton.

RECEIVE, TIMOTHY, the greeting of THOMAS.

I and my maſter—we never diſpute the point of precedence—arrived on the evening of the day we ſet out, at this execrable place, where I have, as yet, done little more than ſtick a pin in SEDLEY'S hair, and peruſe a page of his CHESTERFIELD after dinner.

Of theſe books we are, *both*, exceſſively fond, and, as he always leaves them in the chamber-window—a little careleſs that—*I* take them *up* when *he*

lays them *down*; by which means, we make pretty nearly the ſame progreſs. If any thing, I believe, I am half a volume before-hand with him, and, in the opinion of the judicious, am the finer gentleman of the two. But you know, all men are not born with natural genius alike.

Not that *my* maſter, like your common coxcombs, ever mentions his amours, or his ſtudies, to his ſervant, any more than I diſcover mine to him; we are both better bred: but I have heard too much of the charming CHESTERFIELD, at table, at tea, and every where elſe, not to have had, long ago, a reliſh for his writings; and I ſcruple not to tell thee, TIMOTHY, that I have formed myſelf, *what* you now know me to be, entirely on his Lordſhip's model.

He

He had, beyond compariſon, the prettieſt pen, at an epiſtle, in Europe, and is at once ſo neat, ſo poliſhed, and ſo plain, that it is impoſſible to miſunderſtand him. I once—with ſhame be it ſpoken—was as vulgar a dog in my choice of books and beauties, as any in the kingdom;—I had no more taſte, TIMOTHY, than thyſelf; no more *Ton*, than a teacher of the table of multiplication. I thought—ſimpleton that I was—the luſcious love-ſcenes of ROCHESTER delicious, and had a mighty hankering after the memoirs of CLELAND; but heaven defend me from ſuch barefaced traſh. The bawdry brutes!—Shut—ſhut the book—

"They ſhew *too much* to raiſe *deſire*."

No, TIM. Stanhope has brought me round; he teaches that "the very ſhoe

"has power to wound;" and I am by God's grace, and his Lordſhip's graces, as gracefully graceleſs a raſcal, and as pretty a fellow, as any in Britain.

I expect, by the Earl's aſſiſtance, to do an *infinite deal of miſchief* at this watering-place;—my eye (though no ſettler) points at a bath-maid, who attracted me in the handing a tumbler of Spa-water. Nauſeous as all minerals are, I took it, and toſt it off, without ſkrewing up a muſcle, becauſe, I find, to refuſe is *ungenteel*. I ſhall ſubdue this damſel, at my leiſure, having for my more ſerious *ſimulations*, as his Lordſhip calls them, a nobler object in view; of whom you will hear more explicitly in my next.

SEDLEY is upon ſome project, but as I ſcorn to be guilty of impertinent curioſity,

oſity, ſo he is as much above making either a confident or pimp of his ſervant (I ſhould with more propriety have ſaid his *gentleman*) as his gentleman is of wearing a livery of worſted lace. God and the Graces ſpeed him, in all his undertakings! Every man has a right in this world to follow the bent of his fancy, to "ſtrew the way over with flowers," as the ſong ſays; aye, and to be as happy as he poſſibly can.

Vale—

as I ſee your ſcholars conclude,

Vale—

Adio—

Adieu—

THOMAS.

P. S. I expect ſoon to have all the languages, living and dead, under my thumb.

LETTER XXXIV.

Mrs. HOMESPUN to Mrs. LAMOTTE.

(After receiving Mrs. LA MOTTE'S *Letter.)*

Your letter came too late.—I am in utter deſpair.

HARRIET HOMESPUN.

LETTER XXXV.

SEDLEY to THORNTON.

ADD to the list of my conquests, or rather place at the *top* of the CHESTERFIELD catalogue, the ruin of HARRIET HOMESPUN. Ruin, THORNTON, and why ruin? In *my* system, the name should be softened. The fame of the *she* who grants the favour, is pure and inviolate as ever. Where then the ruin? HORACE will sleep as sound this night as he slept the last----

" He finds not SEDLEY's kisses on her lips;
" He saw not, thinks it not:
" He that is robbed, not wanting what is stolen;
" Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all."

Well ſaid, WILL. SHAKESPEARE! By the ſame rule, maſter miniſter HOMESPUN, thou, being ignorant, are not robbed at all. However, robbed, or not robbed, I muſt pay another viſitor two to thy treaſure, before I take my leave of it for ever: by the next poſt, THORNTON, I ſhall diſpatch another letter; mean time, I am,

Thine, in tranſport, and in haſte,

PHILIP SEDLEY.

LET-

LETTER. XXXVI.

Mrs. La Motte to Mrs. Homespun.

And so the dreadful prophecy in my last is fulfilled! As an *unhappy* woman, I pity you; as an *unchaste* one, I can only keep your secret, pray for your repentance, and take my *everlasting leave* of you.

Farewel.

C. La Motte.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVII.

Mrs. HOMESPUN to Mrs. LA MOTTE.

PUNCTILIOUS, prudish CHARLOTTE! that mistakest a slip of the heart, for an error in principle. Two days ago I entertained sentiments like *your's*. Novels and vulgar notions, ruin half our sex: I have begun, and am still privately engaged in reading a BOOK, that sets all to rights in my own heart, and reconciles my conduct to my own conscience. As to matrimonial shackles, I say with ELOISA, "Curse on all laws but those which "Love hath made!" Had I read the dear BOOK, now in my box under lock and key, a few months ago, take my word for it, CHARLOTTE, I had never been

been a HOMESPUN, and would have died, rather than have given my hand to a looby of a bookworm, unacquainted with the *Beau Monde*, and unfavored by the *Graces*. My mind is perfectly at reſt; and the only mad thing that flies in my face, is, having thrown myſelf away upon a country curate, that does not know how to to behave in company--who is unable to carve a chicken, or lead his wife into a ball room, without hanging down his head, and biting his nails.

I am,

HARRIET HOMESPUN.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVIII.

Mrs. La Motte to Mrs. Homespun.

Upon my word!—Oh brave!—Why, you have made a rapid progress, and are an apt scholar, that's certain. A young creature, scarce two-and-twenty, bred upon a barren mountain, little read in the ways of any part of the world, but the ways of a circumscribed village—a farmer to your father, and an honest wholesome dairy-woman for your mother—a little modicum of money to the tune of five hundred pounds, the savings of twenty pains-taking years of your poor grandam—and, and—to turn *fine lady* all of a sudden!

—to

—to trip to BUXTON bath, in the height of the ſeaſon, forget all your country friends, and country *feelings*—all in a *week*—a *little* week! Upon my honour, you are no common character, and I congratulate you on reconciling all this, and all that has reſulted from this, to your capacious conſcience. Down to the very earth, I drop my curteſey, faſhionable Mrs. HOMESPUN!

But, gracious God! can it be poſſible? Is not the laſt letter marked with your name a forgery? Can the character be Mrs. HOMESPUN's? Can it be written by *her*, whom I have ſo often diſtinguiſhed for innocence in the midſt of gaiety, and modeſty in the very boſom of amuſement?

Is it practicable, in ſo ſhort a ſpace of time, to loſe all that's valuable, all that's feminine, all that's truly endearing; and

to ſubſtitute the moſt deſpicable, deteſted contraries? Ah! HARRIET, HARRIET, how art thou fallen! Thoughtleſs, ingrateful creature! Poor HORACE, what is become of him? If he is yet in ignorance, in mercy to his merit, keep him ſo: at leaſt, have the generoſity—the *humanity*, to keep from his knowledge, that which would cut his honeſt heart to atoms.

But what is the BOOK you allude to, as the panacea, of a perſon polluted, and a heart ſet againſt the venerable maxims of morality? Alas! Madam, be not every way deluded: nor books, nor tongues, nor caſuiſtry, nor all the chicane of eloquence miſapplied, can poſſibly overturn the ſober ſingle ſyſtem of unentangled innocency. I yet

yet hope, you are not in that wretched ſtate, which, deſpairing of forgiveneſs, hunts about for apology, nor, rather than ſeem *deſtitute*, condeſcend to take up with one, that, in effect, plunges you deeper in criminality. A drowning creature catches at the ſlighteſt twig: and a guilty woman is fain to ſupport herſelf from falling in her own eſteem, againſt a tottering pillar.

Books, Harriet!—find a refuge from the keenneſs of your own reflections in books! Periſh the volume, and may the name of its author deſcend ignominiouſly to poſterity, in which the error, that you have, under your pathetic circumſtances, been guilty of, is not *palpably diſcountenanced!*

Mention, however, the name of that book from which you receive comfort,

and,

and, woman as I am, I will undertake to baffle its boaſted ſyſtem, and ſhew, that the only way to genuine pleaſure, is through the paths of purity, integrity, and ſingleneſs. I am, and have continued a widow, five years upon principle: the man I have loſt, was even leſs ſplendid than Mr. HOMESPUN, nor had his perſon any peculiar attractions.---- What of that? He was good, he was great, and he was tender as Heaven. I wanted not temptation, while he was living, to indulge indelicacies, but I valued both his honour and my own; and though I pretend to no gifts of preternatural continency, I defy either *books* or *men*, to make me act in diametrical oppoſition to common-ſenſe and Chriſtianity.

But, juſt at the preſent criſis, you are, of all women in the world, the moſt inexcuſeable!

inexcuſeable! Oh, heavens! HARRIET, reflect a moment. More than three parts gone with child---*that* child your firſt-born---the father an honour to his profeſſion--his profeſſion the *Church!*--I will ſay no more, for if you had *my* heart, enough has been ſaid already to move you to add to your preſent errors, the crime of ſuicide.

Adieu.

C. LA MOTTE.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIX.

SEDLEY to THORNTON.

ALL goes on to the utmoſt content of my heart. Oh, THORNTON! STANHOPE is infallible. His maxims are perfect anodynes againſt diſappointment, and I ſhall (I do really think) render him more celebrated than ever, by practically illuſtrating every precept in every period! I half believe I ſhall make HARRIET a proſelyte; for ſhe hath got *volume the firſt*, and I have taken care to pencil the places at which I would have her ſtop: a mark in the margin always attracts. HORACE and I, too, are hand and glove, and a very

worthy

worthy prieſt he is, for an HOMESPUN, I'll aſſure thee.

I will give thee, however, an inſtance or two of my proficiency in the arts of pleaſing. When all was over, I paid my reſpects to HARRIET and her Lord, at the accuſtomed hour, without the leaſt viſible embarraſſment, or alteration of countenance. The poor woman, indeed, made but a bungling piece of work of it, bluſhed, ſtammered, and ſtopt ſhort; while I took care to preſerve every muſcle and lineament ſteady and unmoved. I ſee the efficacy of this moſt materially, for, had I not practiſed this preſence of mind, I do verily believe even the unſagacious HOMESPUN would have ſuſpected what had happened. I took him by the hand, with the uſual cordiality,

and

and we walked to FAIRFIELD, a neighbouring village, (whither by the bye he was walking while the deed was doing) like inſeparable friends. So that there is, as thou perceiveſt, freſh reaſon for thy congratulation.

But I have other buſineſs in hand, and muſt leave thee, THORNTON.

Adieu.

PHILIP SEDLEY.

LETTER

LETTER XL.

THOMAS at the Bath, to TIMOTHY in Town.

CURSE upon it, TIMOTHY! SEDLEY hath caught me in the fact—the very fact of conſulting his oracle. He came home accidentally, when I thought him ſafe for at leaſt an hour, and I was juſt enjoying the ſweet ſentiment, and had delv'd into the pith and marrow of the dear Earl's epiſtle upon dreſs; when this indiſcreet maſter of mine forgetting his good-breeding, kicked me on the breech, took the book out of my hand, and led me down ſtairs by the noſe: for which, if I forgive him,

"May the ſhame I mean to brand his name with
"Stick on mine!"

No

No matter: I know my cue," "ſmile at "preſent, and ſtrike hereafter."

Since this affair, the cruel youth keeps the Earl all to himſelf; but I ſee, by the newſpapers which come down here, his Lordſhip's *good things* are all collected together, in a little ſnug volume, that a man, upon any exigences, may pop either into his pocket, his boſom, his breeches, or elſewhere, as occaſion requires. This little *eſſence of the Earl* I deſire you will procure me, TIMOTHY, forthwith, and ſend it down by the Fly: I ſhall not reſt till I get it, for I comprehend every ſyllable he ſays, and I have as great a right to do roguiſh things with a *good grace*, as my maſter. So no more at preſent from thy friend,

THOMAS.

LET-

LETTER XLI.

SEDLEY to THORNTON.

I BLUSH as I put my hand to he paper: I feel the severity of self-re- roach: I have deviated from the naxims of my Preceptor, by making man *feel his inferiority*. In a word, THORNTON, I have struck my servant. caught the fellow reading in the sacred age of *my* religion, even in the page f the divine DORMER, never meant to e polluted by the eye of a footman, nd I condescended to give him a blow. his is amongst the list of unpardon- ble crimes, and I must make it up ith the lad before I sleep, or I shall

ſcorn myſelf too heartily. A man of faſhion uſe his *fiſt*, and againſt his footman! — SHAME — SHAME — SHAME! ——I have a thought to bring all even again.

Adieu.

PHILIP SEDLEY.

LETTER XLII.

SEDLEY to THORNTON.

I could ſing—I could dance! for alienation is no more. THORNTON, I have atoned for my meanneſs; aſk me now what I have given, what I have ſaid, what I have done! Whatever it was, be aſſured there was *manner* in it, and "manner is every thing every "where, and to every body."

Farewel.

PHILIP SEDLEY.

LETTER XLIII.

The Reverend HORACE HOMESPUN to Doctor DIGGORY.

Dear Doctor,

THINGS are ſo pleaſingly altered, that I have been over-ruled as to my deſign of going away even at the end of the fortnight, and I have contrived to procure another week's receſs, in order to extend my HARRIET's happineſs, and enjoy myſelf the ſpirited, yet moral and engaging conduct of Mr. SEDLEY, who, every day, becomes more agreeable, and who, I do truly believe, has been not a little inſtrumental in bringing

bringing about my poor wife to a proper ſenſe of her duty and right reaſon. If any-thing, ſhe is more cordial to me than before my departure from the curacy, and is at once lively and obliging.

I take it for granted, the ſtrange conduct I tranſmitted you an account of in my late letters, was only a tranſient giddineſs, not very infrequent, as I have obſerved, Doctor, to the fair ſex, about HARRIET's age, which is very well called, in one of SHAKESPEARE's tragedies that I read formerly, the "heyday of "youthful blood." We grave folks, you know, my dear DIGGORY, ought to allow for all this. Poor thing, I pity her, and am half angry with myſelf that I ſhould have treated the overflowing, effervеſcent emanations, as I may ſtile

them, of a juvenile mind, as a ſerious delirium.

But, thank God, it is not gone abroad to any perſon who is capable of circulating the whiſper of the day to the detriment of a fellow-creature. Mr. SEDLEY, who, I can eaſily ſee, is to be truſted with every-thing, and my old friend, and brother collegian, Doctor DIGGORY, are the only perſons informed of the matter, and ſo all is well. But do not, I charge you, think too hardly of her for what hath been ſaid. It was all a miſrepreſentation, and you ſhould admire your heavenly HARRIET, as you uſed to call her, the *more*, for having been *injured*. I can aſſure you, I am at preſent more ſatisfied with *her* than I am with *myſelf:* and, indeed, ſhe has the advantage of me; for ſhe appears in the light

ſight of a perſon *calumniated*, and I am only one in a ſtate of conſcious error, and *probation*.

However, a ſhort time will, I do not doubt, ſet us all as happy again as our hearts can wiſh.--But why, my worthy DIGGORY, do you not write: how is it that ſo ſcrupulous a man in point of equity is ſo unexact a correſpondent? You are deep in my debt, and though I am now rich in the ineſtimable treaſures of reconciliation, yet a line from you would add materially to my fortune, and I ſhould have to thank Heaven for as full a meaſure of felicity, as it is, perhaps, either proper or poſſible to taſte on this ſide of it.

I am, Dear Doctor,

Your moſt happy and faithful

HORACE HOMESPUN.

LETTER XLIV.

Mrs. HOMESPUN to Mrs. LA MOTTE.

Madam,

THE ſeverity and rudeneſs in your letter I can pardon, becauſe they find an apology in your *want of breeding:* but the liberty you take with me and my character, cannot ſo readily be paſt over.

" I am *myſelf* the guardian of my honour,
" And will not brook ſo inſolent a monitor."

I am your deeply-injured

HARRIET HOMESPUN.

LET-

LETTER XLV.

From the Same to the Same.

I WOULD give ten thouſand worlds to ſtop the poſtman, and take out my laſt mad and ingrateful letter, even though I were to incur the puniſhment of robbing the mail.

Excuſe me, I beſeech you---excuſe the raſhneſs of an enraged woman, cut to the quick by juſt reproaches! Inſtead of reſenting, I beg of you to compaſſionate me. My penitence is ſincere, and you muſt--you *will*, unite your prayers to mine, that it may be at the ſame time perfect and efficient.

Adieu.

HARRIET HOMESPUN.

LETTER XLVI.

SEDLEY to THORNTON.

HA! ha! ha! There is no law againſt laughing in *a letter*, as there is neither a vulgar noiſe nor a ghaſtly grin attending it: take, then, the ſilent written mirth of my ſoul, and let me pour out on paper ſome part of the exultation that at this moment ſwells upon my heart!

What a ſuperficial animal is man! "as eaſily led by the noſe, as aſſes are!" the dupe of the ſenſes, the ideot of mere exterior, and the very fool of a well managed ſet of muſcles!--Is this the heir of immortality? This bubble--this booby --this butterfly——Ha! ha! ha!

Without

Without any ſort of hum, haugh, ſtammer, or heſitation, I have convinced HORACE that he has been notoriouſly in the wrong; in conſequence of which, he is to kneel oftener than his profeſſional bendings require—I have firmly perſuaded HARRIET, too, that all our future pleaſure depends on her behaving ten times *better* than ever to HORACE—and, laſtly, I have prevailed on the curate to indulge his wife a few days longer at the bath, as a firſt inſtance of his repentance. In the raſhneſs of her heart, however, ſhe hath told all to a Mrs. LA MOTTE, who hath written a chiding epiſtle in the old ſcolding puritanical way; and to this, I find, ſhe (HARRIET) hath replied (in the old way alſo) in juſtification of herſelf. Here I was obliged to ſet her right, and have taken care to ſee her diſpatch a penitential piece of paper *policy*, which will bring all

all round again. This ſame *Mrs.* La Motte is, I find, in a ſtate of widow-hood, and much in love with her weeds —a great beauty---and, I ſee by one of her letters, (which I *diſſimulated* out of Harriet,) a great *boaſter*. I further-more underſtand, that ſhe is a conſtant church-goer, has deliciouſly demure muſcles, very proper for a chapel—a ſort of cathedral countenance—a pair of elevated eyes,---folds the fair palm, and holds long converſations betwixt paſſions and her conſcience. Humph---

Now, Thornton, if, by ſetting *all* my maſter-maxims in motion---if, by the aids either of genius, ſtratagem, and every exerted omnipotency of the head, heart, hand, and voice, I could but lower the loftineſs of this proud-hearted, pſalm-chanting *cottager*, my ſoul would be ſatisfied, and I ſhould ſa-

crifice to the ſhade of the invincible DORMER, ſuch a victim as might ſoothe his ſpirit, and elevate his extacy in Elyſium.---At preſent, this is only in embrio,--unformed, uningendered.--In all events, I am determined, as King LEAR ſays,

——" To do ſomething!
" What it is yet I know not,
" But it ſhall ſtrike the world," &c.

Genius of STANHOPE, god of my actions, whoſe paths are pleaſantneſs, aſſiſt me! —breathe, oh breathe into thy Pupil inſtant inſpiration!—exalt my thought! ---animate me!---lift me to the ſummit of ſucceſsful diſſimulation, and give me to bend the imperious heart of the confident LA MOTTE!

Adieu.

PHILIP SEDLEY.

LET-

LETTER XLVII.

From the Same to the Same.

I HAVE only a minute to ſpare, and that is to tell thee, I am the dulleſt dolt that Nature ever produced.

That nobody might perceive my agitation of mind, *by my countenance*, and its treacherous changings, I have rambled amongſt the rocks, and over the heathy hills of this execrable country, to meditate upon the means of bringing LA MOTTE within the reach of my machinations.—It is not to be done, and in the perfect ſtupidity, in the very ſhame of my ſoul, I am compelled to ſuſpend the purſuit.

Adieu.

PHILIP SEDLEY.

LETTER XLVIII.

Mrs. HOMESPUN to Mrs. LA MOTTE.

WRITE to me, my dear LA MOTTE, though it be but to ſay—HARRIET, I do not hate you: you have my pity, and my prayers.

HARRIET HOMESPUN.

LET-

LETTER XLIX.

SEDLEY to THORNTON.

THE matter of LA MOTTE muſt reſt: I cannot hit it off; and have, indeed, other affairs to mind. This, HARRIET, anſwers all my joyous purpoſes moſt delightfully while I am heating the fire for the tender FANNY; who, I underſtand, is much better, and is to be ſeen (if the ſun is not afraid of being outſhone to-morrow) to examine the bath. *Accident* will, no doubt, *contrive*, for me to be in view, about the moment of her firſt appearance. Her huſband——but of him hereafter.

Poſtſcript.

Poſtſcript.

HARRIET HOMESPUN wants capacity; I am obliged to dictate her letters to this Mrs. LA MOTTE, who muſt be kept *in* with, now ſhe is in the ſecret.

Adieu.

PHILIP SEDLEY.

LETTER

LETTER L.

From the Same to the Same.

THERE is nothing, ſaith my creed, "ſo delicate as a man's moral "character, and nothing which it is ſo "much his *intereſt* to preſerve pure." —I have been at church, THORNTON, where HOMESPUN officiated as teacher. He hath a ſnuffle in his noſe; his voice is deſtitute of that harmonious variety, eſſential to all ſorts of eloquence; and his organs of articulation appear conſiderably obſtructed.

However, like a true Pupil of Pleaſure, I took him by the hand, upon his deſcending from the pulpit; returned him

him my ſincere thanks, in a well-invented compliment, for the *elegance* of his diſcourſe; applauded his *delivery*; lamented that I had not *often* been made ſo happy; and almoſt brought the tears of *virtuous vanity*, into the good man's eyes, at the pathos of my concluſion.

"A little flattery, ſometimes does well."

"There is no living in the world," you know, THORNTON, "without a com-"plaiſant indulgence for peoples weak-"neſſes." In a ſhort time, I expect to reach the ſummit; for, after only an hour's practice, I found myſelf able to call out a palpable tear, only by placing a *chair* before my face, and, by the force of imagination, repreſenting *it*, poor thing! as a certain perſon in diſtreſs, which

which I had an *intereſt* in relieving. Yes—THORNTON—I am to be complimented on the faculty of weeping at will.

And now I am talking upon the ſubject of ſympathy, I muſt tell thee, that I have made myſelf ſtill more popular than ever, in this little place, by ſeveral acts of *unoſtentatious oſtentation*—I have given occaſional ſmall ſums to people, who make it utterly unneceſſary for me to be my *own* trumpeter. There are luckily, a ſet of characters, that will raiſe a benefactor's reputation, without any drudgery on his ſide: theſe people have *tongue* enough, however poor they may be in other reſpects; and all the good you do, though ſilent and ſecret as the noon of night, ſhall ſhine like "the light that ſhineth unto the perfect "day," by means of thoſe ſame grateful goſſips.

Adieu.

PHILIP SEDLEY.

LETTER LI.

From the Same to the Same.

ONCE more, receive an account of a tender tranſaction, which I cannot conceal from thee. Relating upon paper, to the friend of one's heart, (for ſuch thou art to me,) any buſineſs, or event, that hath afforded tranſport, is an office of a pleaſing kind.

HARRIET, is as richly formed by Nature for rapture, as ever was woman; and will, I am in hopes, ſoon be an adept in the *ſcience* of pleaſing. Her perſon is voluptuous, beyond painting, and the joys it yields are only to be felt; and yet, I am almoſt reduced again to childiſh-

neſs,

neſs, and am almoſt ready to fall again into my leading-ſtring notions by a very puerile accident—even, THORNTON, by the love-tale of a green uninformed girl, whoſe whole hiſtory I purchaſed for a ſingle ſix-pence. She hath been *ruined and undone*, as ſhe terms it, by the baſeſt of men.—And who doſt thou think that man *is*, THORNTON?—Neither more nor leſs than my fellow THOMAS, who is, I'll aſſure thee, a would-be STANHOPEAN: but, truſting merely to picked-up precepts——the very crumbs that have fallen from his maſter's table---he ſtumbles in the effort, and diſcovers his livery, his dependency, and his education, even in his amours. All this, *I* enjoy, thou knoweſt.—The forſaken nymph came to complain of *my Mr.* THOMAS. She

is

is very pretty, and very loquacious; but hear the ſtory in her own words.

THE STORY OF THE PRETTY BATH MAID.

AN'T pleaſe your Honour, I am but a ſervant, and live, by handing water to gentryfolks. I have tended the well ſide, ſince BUXTON bath became *famuſh*. Till the week before laſt, I was the happieſt water-wench that ever dipt her glaſs in the well: all the *quallety* knew me, all the ladies loved me, and all the gentlemen quarrelled which ſhould drink firſt; but matters are now altered, and I am *aſheamed* to take my *ſtand* at the place, becauſe of the baſeneſs of your Honour's *unboneſt* Mr. THOMAS.

The arts he has uſed to tangle me, are monſtrous, and ſuch as would make the

the ſtouteſt *ſhe* in the country ſtumble. If your Honour will hear me out, and do me *juſtis*, ſeeing as my character is gone, and with that my bread, I will unfold every thing, and let your Goodneſs ſee the affair from top to bottom.

You muſt know, Sir, *as how*, when bathing and drinking the waters is over, and your Honour and ſuch-like fine folk are all buſy a-dancing; we ſarvant-people ſometimes get together to a *leſſerer* room, and have a little hop of our own. This happened the very firſt night I ſaw Mr. THOMAS, who I obſerved, ſoon after he came into town, walk round the well and then backwards and forwards; and to be ſure, there was ſomething in his putting his foot to the ground, taking it off again, ſwinging his arm, flouriſhing his ſwitch, and ſaluting the fellow-ſervants, that made him look a king to the reſt.

Well,

Well, Sir, he *chus'd* me for his partner; and though I ſay it, I can ſhake a foot with my betters; nay, at a country dance, I'll turn my back neither to gentle nor ſimple.

If your Honour had heard the ſoft things he ſaid, while we led out----the *vows* he made, as we handed up---and the tender oaths and *rodermuntadoes* he ſwore, while we right and left handed it or caſt off, and joined hands again---while at the ſame time the muſic ſtruck up enough to melt one's heart——with candles lighted, and i' the ſummer-nights---your Honour would not blame me ſo much for giving away my ſoul and body to the moſt *artfulleſt* of his ſex.

In ſhort, Sir, he talkt me over ſo finely about *this* and *that*, that before I left the room, and we broke up, I

did not know whether I ſtood upon my head or my heels.

After dancing was over, and Mr. THOMAS and I had made ourſelves all of a heat, or, as I remember *he* called it, all of an *ardor*, we took a walk in the grove by the hall, to cool ourſelves. And *there* he overpowered me with ſuch an ocean of love-ſayings, and, in ſhort, talked ſo different from my old ſweetheart ROGER DOUSIT, who is all dull and downright, as I may ſay, that I *declares* to your Honour, he at laſt made me think—God forgive me!—

Here the poor girl drew out her handkerchief, and had ſincerely a very great occaſion for it.

She told me, in a tone, THORNTON, that touched me, that if, notwithſtanding

ing what THOMAS ſaid, ſhe had been wicked, ſhe was a ruined woman, that was all—that it might do very well for *gentlefolks* to play falſe with one another, becauſe *they* had got *wherewithal* to waſh all white again; but that a dark ſpot in a *poor* woman, was never to be rubbed out:—that, moreover, the news had ſomehow got air, and ſhe was pointed at by all the ill-natured fingers in the place. She ſaid, with aſtoniſhing ſimplicity, that the man fairly *overſet* her with his new-fangled *gibberiſh*.—She added, that, for her own part, ſhe did not ſo much mind it, as ſhe could turn her hand to any-thing, and would leave the town in a twinkle; but that ſhe had an old mother, that had been bedridden theſe eight months, who lived at FAIRFIELD, and who muſt now want bread as well as herſelf. Nay, for that matter, ſaid the girl, ſhe'll ſoon be pro-

vided for, if ſhe hears of my ſlip, without troubling the pariſh; for I ſhall ſoon break her heart: I ſhall ſoon ſend my poor old mother out of the world; for ſhe is a *good* woman, ſir, and would ſooner bury me than ſee me what I am now. DOUSIT will turn up his noſe at me *now*; and without your Honour makes Mr. THOMAS do me *juſtis*, God only knows what courſe I muſt take.

She now dropt her tears, THORNTON, as faſt, to uſe the language of SHAKESPEARE,

"As the Arabian tree
"Its medicinal gum."

At this very moment THOMAS came in with a meſſage on which he had been diſpatched.

What is it, THORNTON, what curſed troubleſome thing is it, at once inviſible, and audacious, that lodges in our boſoms

boſoms beyond reach of our revenge, to make the ſtouteſt of us children and cowards?

Never did GARRICK exhibit, or SHAKESPEARE deſcribe, ſuch a look, and attitude, as that of poor TOM at his entrance, on obſerving ſo unexpected an object.

He ſtammered, he ſtaggered, he turned white, and attempted to retreat.

I commanded him to ſtay; and, taking my ſword from the hook, gave him his choice, and one that might have puzzled a much wiſer man—either to die or marry. Fear operated even ſo ſtrong, as to make him chooſe the latter.

He fell on his knees and would have entered into explanations. I would not hear them.—The ceremony that

HAMLET uſes with his quondam friends now paſſed between us, and I made both ſwear upon my ſword.

I promiſed them a dower—the woman was in extacy, and paid me, by ſuch a look of gratitude, that, had REYNOLDS been there, he would have made the water-wench immortal by drawing it.

I am above altercation: of this THOMAS is aware. Nay, I believe, he likes the girl.—They ſhall be united as ſoon as poſſible: and what the devil can be the reaſon, that I am more happy in putting theſe two people together, than all the joys I ever taſted with the exquiſite and yielding HARRIET, I cannot tell.

Were it not that I contrived, as uſual, to get HORACE out of the way, and

that I never break an assignation, I should certainly avoid seeing *her*, or any body *else*, this evening.—Is not this unaccountable? But *so* it is.

Adieu.

PHILIP SEDLEY.

LETTER LII.

THORNTON to SEDLEY.

THE ſtory of thy bath-maid, though daſhed with double meanings, intereſted me ſtrangely; and I have felt the more pleaſure in giving it a tear, becauſe, I perceive, it hath penetrated even the almoſt invulnerable PHILIP SEDLEY.

But how thou art able to ſtand the ſhock of ſo many radiant eyes, and yielded charms,---a young fellow of ſpirit too---is, to *me*, moſt unaccountably myſterious.---In defiance of all the cautionary precepts of thy divine DORMER---in defiance of all empiriciſm in gallantry,

gallantry, I ſhould certainly break out, and even at the riſque of overturning the whole well-woven web of intrigue, dwindle into a downright inamerato, and ſigh away ſubtle diſtinction betwixt ſimulation and laudable inſincerity. But thou art not a perfect Pupil of Pleaſure ---Thou art but half converted. Hadſt thou not the ſupreme of tranſport, in uniting thy faithleſs footman to the beautiful bath-maid!

I'll tell thee what, SEDLEY,---thou art---(if thou wilt allow me for once the coinage of a new word)---thou art but half CHESTERFIELDIZ'D--- The impreſſion made upon thee by the pale face of the conſcious THOMAS---the pleaſure thou hadſt at wiping away the drops of penitence and perturbation from the cherry cheek of ſimplicity---and thy wiſhing to ſoliloquiſe, and be excuſed,

even from the arms of the tempting and *married* HARRIET---are all ſymptoms totally *unſtanhopean* (there's another word for thee).

Take care, SEDLEY: thou art upon the eve of a relapſe---a relapſe in favour, not of DORMER, but of down-right DOUSIT's ſingle-dealing.

And yet, my friend, ſhall I once again confeſs to you my infirmity---my uneſtabliſhment in the maxims of thy Preceptor?---I cannot *blame* thy weakneſſes, nor can I---however deſtructive they may be to *thy* ſyſtem---avoid wiſhing thou mayſt *continue* thy preſent tendencies, eſpecially as, by thy own honeſt confeſſion, thou haſt found more gratification in them, than in ſupporting the toilſome taſk of diſingenuity.

Nor ought I, indeed, to *call* this a weakneſs. If to be happy is the ultimatum of all earthly purſuits---if it is equally the effort of every different order of men, it aſſuredly follows, that *that* conduct is the moſt rational by which the greateſt ſhare of felicity is procured. The cloſeſt application of human wit and wiſdom can do no more than point out to thee the moſt ſolid degree of joy, and it matters not whether the joy is obtained by the practice of *one* ſyſtem or *another*.

The laſt action thou haſt recorded (I allude to the promiſed nuptials of thy bath-maid) was evidently agreeable to the ſentiments of SENECA, SOCRATES, and all the wiſe and good men both of the Eaſt and Weſt; and ſince the precepts of STANHOPE have been unable to give thee a ſuperior, or even an *equal* felicity,

felicity, how proper and conſiſtent with right reaſon is it in me, to adviſe thee to walk in that path wherein thou haſt found the moſt pleaſure? Laugh not—ridicule not, I beſeech thee: thou art not, I hope, ſo much a tool to the taſte of the times——ſo much a dupe to prejudiced opinions—as to diſlike even the balance of bliſs which is now in thy favour, merely becauſe the ſcale hath been turned by a worthy action—that would be infanity.

To love duplicity, and certain ſophiſtical diſtinctions, merely for the ſake of double-dealing, and when plain, clear, clean, uncrooked honeſty will anſwer thy purpoſe much *better*, is at once ridiculous and diabolical.

On the whole, therefore, I adviſe thee, in the deliberation of my heart, to ſubſtitute

ſtitute the afore-ſaid SENECA, or ſome other ſyſtematical moraliſt, inſtead of STANHOPE; and to lay *him* quickly aſide in a corner of thy trunk, as unqualified to confer the comfort he profeſſes to adminiſter.

And, indeed, SEDLEY, to open my whole ſoul to thee, I muſt own to thee, that I very much ſuſpect his Lordſhip's ſentiments. Even in my occaſional dealings here in town, ſince thy departure, I have not been able to make them bear the teſt quite to my ſatisfaction: ſuch, eſpecially, as relate to the ſeduction of the tender ſex. I made a ſlight experiment, no longer ago than laſt night, of his moſt favourite maxim, namely, to taſte the joys of *ſecurity*; and yet, though I do not think I conducted myſelf unadroitly, it did not altogether

together anſwer the ſatisfaction he predicted to refult from it.

Thou art not a ſtranger to the elegancies of SOPHIA VERNON, the new married wife of the man whoſe promotion from enſign to lieutenant it was our joint endeavour, ſome time ago, to effect: his gratitude is ſtill—" tremblingly " alive all o'er;" and, by a natural conſequence, he is without the leaſt tincture of ſuſpicion, and eſteems every inſtance of particular enquiry after his wife, or friend, as a mark of generoſity in his benefactor.

This leaves the way to an intimacy with his SOPHIA fair and unobſtructed; and ſhe has already caught ſo much of the Lieutenant's enthuſiaſm, that ſhe pays me the tribute of a roſy red bluſh of acknowledgment as often as I approach

proach her. They have lately purchaſed a pretty cottage, amidſt the vernal beauties of SURRY: it is ſurrounded by gardens, not *cittiſh*, but genteel: there are no nudities, no monſtrous urns, no fantaſtical fountains, no chubby cherubims, no tiptoed Mercury's, ſmirking Venuſſes, nor ſpruce holly-hedges: 'tis all "true Nature to advantage dreſſed;" the verdure is voluptuous, the flower-beds well weeded, the ſhrubbery gratefully ſhaded, and the alcove ſmiles upon the Thames.

Within this alcove I yeſterday took the tea that was prepared by the hand of SOPHIA, whoſe huſband had invited me preſſingly, to make the ſolitude of his lady more ſocial by my company, as he was himſelf under the neceſſity of taking a journey into SUSSEX.

As

As you love brooks and books, hills and rills, my dear Mr. THORNTON, ſaid he, ſmilingly, you and SOPHY will be able to paſs away your time to your mutual ſatisfaction, till the return of your friend.

Poor, unſuſpicious pair!

They united their entreaties, and prevailed: Lieutenant VERNON ſet out, and left to thy friend *(in truſt)* the moſt beautiful property upon the banks of the THAMES. In a word, he began his journey in the fragrant coolneſs of yeſterday's evening, and I was left at full liberty to abuſe the confidence he placed in my integrity, and, in return for his hoſpitality, do my utmoſt to deſtroy the chaſtity of *her*, whom he doats upon with the ſincereſt tenderneſs.

The

The tear which she dropt upon his hand as she kissed it, at parting, drew from him *another*, accompanied by such a look, as defies either tongue, pen, or pencil, and went at the time so close to my heart, that I could not but imagine the passion betwixt two, was more exquisite than if it were divided betwixt two-and-twenty. One man and one woman, thought I, may certainly be happier than a Sultan; and I had rather possess the real, *undissimulated* love of a SOPHIA VERNON, than command the keys of the seraglio.

SOPHIA remained pensive, and sighed after the travelling Lieutenant.

I examined the little library for a book to entertain her. CHESTERFIELD was there, but I did not think it a proper book to read, as I would wish to keep

the

the maxims as far out of the ſight of a female as poſſible: for when a woman is *told the ſecret* of her ſeduction, ſhe will naturally be upon her guard againſt the ſeducer; and, really, STANHOPE unfolds the art with ſuch perſpicuity, that ſhe who runs may read; nay, even thy footman comprehends the whole ſyſtem, and hath, according to thy account, ruined his woman witn a very *tolerable addreſs*.

By the bye, SEDLEY, I have to accuſe thee of two weak pieces of conduct. The firſt is, thy raſhneſs in truſting the epiſtles of thy Preceptor to the flighty HARRIET, who might have heedleſsly ſhewn them to HORACE, by which means (as thou art a very ſtriking commentary upon the chapters of CHESTERFIELD) he would have had a clue to the original ſources of thy preſent

conduct;

onduct; and a detection of this kind would have been totally insupportable. Thy other fault is, thy careleſſneſs, nd, I might ſay, want of policy, in xpoſing the volumes which thou ſo retendeſt to venerate, to the plebeian yes of thy *valet*. Lock them up, I ray thee, for the time to come; and if hou art reſolved to proceed in reducing hem to practice, do it *privately*.

In regard to SOPHIA, my endeavours o divert her thoughts *from* the beloved ubject of their contemplation, were in ain: the Lieutenant mingled in every dea, and ſhe had paſſions, ſighs, ſentiments, ſenſations, only for Mr. VERON. I recited to her an elegy from AMMOND, and ſhe wept, in the ſinceity of her heart, over images ſo amiable, nd ſo ſimilar to thoſe now ſuggeſted by er *own* ſituation. I wiſhed to divert her,

by

by reading to her the oddities of corporal *Trim*, and uncle *Toby*: but ſhe was in no diſpoſition to be delighted with the whimſical ſtrokes of a fine, but irregular wit. I even adverted to the irreſiſtible ſallies of HARRY FIELDING, and diſplayed to her the maſter-piece of narrative, in the laughable ſcene of Parſon ADAMS purſued by the hounds and hunters. She was proof even againſt this, and afforded it only a faint ſmile. She then tried what a walk in the garden would do: ſhe criticiſed the colours of the tulips, and deſcanted with moral delicacy on the pleaſing progreſs of vegetable Nature; but, alas! even here a ſigh would break in upon her remark, and very evidently convince me, that Pope was not ſo romantic in the paſtoral ſentiment, which obſerves, "Abſence is ſurely death to thoſe who "love." In ſhort, SEDLEY, whatever might

ight be the temptation before me, and
owever aſſiduous I was to gratify it, it
as not now the moment to begin the
tack; and every-thing I ſaid, only
rved to ſhew me more plainly, that, if
would wiſh to pleaſe her, it muſt be
talking warmly of a man, whom it
as my intereſt to wean from her affec-
ons. Perceiving this, I gave way to
mpathy, and moſt cordially united *my*
ars to *hers*, and joined in the moſt
imated encomiums on her happy
eutenant. Theſe tears, however,
EDLEY, and thoſe praiſes, gave me a
othing ſoftneſs not to be deſcribed,
d made me feel a thouſand times more
greeable than while I repreſſed them
the hope of turning my thoughts to
e huſband's diſhonour, and the wife's
ſtruction. Is not this, SEDLEY, a
rallel caſe to that of thine? If thou
ert more happy at doing a *juſt* action

to

to thy bath-maid, than at an *unjuſt* one, by *undoing* the lively HARRIET; I am more happy at having conquered an inclination, which would have tormented my own fancy, tortured a "generous, truſting friend," and agonized the boſom of a woman, whoſe reputation is at preſent unſuſpected, and unpolluted.

Hence then, my dear SEDLEY, it appears, that we are now both exulting in the triumph of a ſimilar ſenſation---a ſenſation created by the ſocial virtues, and derived purely from the felicity of others. Upon this ſubject I have but one point to obſerve: it is, to *continue* the triumph. Let us even cheriſh a tranſport, which is ſuperior to any that diſſimulation can give: let us throw away the perplexing maſk of the caſuiſtical CHESTERFIELD: let us walk in the *right* way; and, ſince it hath already

ady *rewarded* us ſo well, let us prefer uth to falſhood, and honeſty to hypo- riſy: for, believe me, my dear, dear EDLEY, under whatever name we may diſtinguiſh vice and virtue, they remain ternally the ſame; and neither ſophi- ry, nor ſubtlety, nor faſhion, nor the nctified follies of the mode, can poſ- ibly palliate the atrociouſneſs of the ne, or detract from the native excel- nce of the other. PENMEN may puz- le, PHILOSOPHERS may refine, POETS ay colour, and viſionaries may ſug- eſt as they pleaſe, but, while the traces f Nature remain, virtue will be fair, nd vice deformed; and, in my opi- ion, that man's maxims are extremely ontradictory and fallible, who, in the me *volume*, nay, ſometimes in the *ſame* iſtle, inculcates a delicate regard to oral character, and an attack upon hoſe human *weakneſſes*, from the hu-

mouring

mouring of which (assisted by a proper mixture of well-applied flattery) we are to prey upon each other, to prepare ourselves for deceit, and, if the system were general, introduce, by these means, even while we sanctify them, the most dangerous delusions. For my part, SEDLEY, I tell thee again, and again, that I find a flaw in thy STANHOPE, and shall read him, for the future, with the eye of a severe critic, and not an idolater—not a PHILIP SEDLEY.

Farewel.

J. THORNTON.

LET-

LETTER LII.

SEDLEY to THORNTON.

(Prior to his Receipt of the laſt Letter.)

THE ceremony has been performed. I inſiſted on its being done in the face of the congregation: I gave THOMAS a purſe for his wedding-dinner, and ſo the poor wench is again made a mighty honeſt woman.

Never heard I panegyrics more warm, or *better circulated* than thoſe reverberated from lip to lip upon this occaſion; and could almoſt bleſs the fellow for a debauch, that hath added ſuch luſtre to my character. I am the very heroic ballad of

the bath; and the negligence, which I *ſeem* to pay to the praiſes, only ſerves to increaſe, and make me appear more deſerving of them. But what a ſimpleton I was, to yield to the baby ſenſation which ſeized me, unawares, in my laſt. To do good is, indeed, *pleaſing*, and I will on that principle *continue* to do it, as occaſion invites; but is there not an higher motive, thou wilt ſay, than this? Is there not *religion?* Pſhaw!—

Yes, pious THORNTON, there *is* a higher motive. I am determined to do as much good as is neceſſary. It flatters the ſenſes, it gratifies vanity, it procures *eclat*, it promotes conqueſt, it extends our triumph over a ſex that was born for our amuſement. The trifling action juſt recorded, backed by a few more that I have not patience to recite, hath made me ſo popular amongſt all

all ranks of people in this village, from my Lady in her bathing-ſhift, to her tawdry attendants of the towel, that I defy any thing but my own folly to mark me down an object of ſuſpicion.

I have eſtabliſhed my reputation, THORNTON, upon the ſolid baſis of *virtuous actions*; I have decorated the ſuperſtructure, with the graces of conduct; and now, no man will *dare* to imagine this goodly edifice is but a *whitened* ſepulchre. If he doth, men, women and children ſhall defend me. Poſſibly thou may'ſt imagine that I have earned my pleaſures by *difficult* adoption of the STANHOPEAN ſyſtem. No, THORNTON, I have a taſte for them. I do not "inflict exceſſes upon "myſelf, becauſe I think them gen-"teel," but I find theſe purſuits "guard me againſt frivolouſneſs,"

and prevent me "from throwing away "upon trifles, that time, which only "important things deſerve." In a word, I tell thee once more, I view the Lord of my Idolatry only as a man earlier ſkilled than myſelf in the arts of being *truly* and triumphantly happy: and in this light he deſerves my everlaſting gratitude; for he hath taught me 'to make every place I go to the 'ſcene of quick and lively tranſports; 'to let every company I frequent gra-'tify my *paſſions*; to know the true va-'lue of time; and to ſnatch every mo-'ment.'

Of this enough: the remainder of my letter ſhall be dedicated to the delicious purpoſe of recording ſeveral events, which have fallen out, by the joint effort of deſtiny and contrivance, ſince my laſt.

I have

I have had a ſecond glance at the delicate but decaying features of FANNY. Tempted by the chearfulneſs of the morning, ſhe ventured, under the ſupporting arms of a huſband, and ſiſter,—fair, fragile creature,—to walk from her lodgings to the bathing-houſe. She ſaw me, but drew away her eye, and never directed it towards me again. Her huſband bowed to me, as to the polite ſtranger, who had intereſted himſelf ſo much in the welfare of his beloved: the ſiſter inclined her head, and curtſey'd *more* than civilly—it was the bend, rather of attention, than ceremony. It was, altogether, a ſhort, ſoft, ſilent ſcene, fit for a Deity to behold. But it was interrupted; for at this moment, many a lank-haired ſwain, yet humid with the bath, and a cluſter of women, ſtill glowing from the immerſion, appeared in view. They

were inſtantly attracted by the paſſing meteor, gazed, envied, and went on. Well, indeed, *might* they gaze—well might they envy, THORNTON: the roſe again emulates the lily, in her cheek: the blue is like the blue of the elements; her arm is animated alabaſter; and the hand to which it belongs, is ſhaped by the divinity of women.

After this, as ſhe was preparing to return, a ſervant came haſtily to inform Mr. MORTIMER, that Sir HENRY DELMORE was arrived. They quickened their pace a little; the nerves of ſurpriſe were ſhaken; FANNY attempted to ſtep briſkly; but failed in the effort. The good Baronet, impatient, and eager to behold his children, came forward in his boots to meet them. They met.

met. My heart bounded;—I know not the reaſon.

Oh, THORNTON, what a figure is the Knight!—how noble! how venerable! how faſhionable!—But, alas! all ſurprizes, even thoſe of the moſt pleaſing kind, are too much for the feeble ſituation of FANNY. Her father ſoon ſaw her confuſion, ſoftened it by a paternal kiſs, and aſſiſted in conducting her gently to her lodgings. In ſomething leſs than an hour, I received the incloſed; which is the luckieſt incident in the world to me, and which, by the time this reaches you, I hope to improve to *ſome purpoſe*.

Liſten, now, to ill-luck—HARRIET HOMESPUN is fonder of me, and better bred to HORACE, than ever. She has a wonderful aptitude to learn, and will in

time be, no doubt, a female STANHOPE. Yet she must not be too fond—Passion, *over-much*, is treacherous.

Adieu.

PHILIP SEDLEY.

LETTER

LETTER LIV.

Sir HENRY DELMORE to PHILIP SEDLEY, Esq;

(Inclosed in the above)

Sir,

I AM made truly happy, at least as much so as the present situation of my family will admit, to hear that I am again likely to be honoured by the company of a gentleman, to whose society I am already indebted for so much pleasure. It is no small addition, sir, to this pleasing expectation, to find that the many friendly enquiries that have from time to time been made concerning the health of my poor FANNY,

proceeded from the very man to whom the father of that beautiful invalid owed ſo many agreeable hours at SCARBOROUGH.

But how ceremonious was it, Mr. SEDLEY, that you ſhould all this while have eſtranged yourſelf, and appeared only in the light of a perſon intereſted in the fate of the ſick, but not allied to the parent of that dear unfortunate, by any cloſer or warmer reciprocations of a former friendſhip?

I know, for my part, of but one way to excuſe this punctilious behaviour, and that is, your embracing the firſt hour of your leiſure to join your hand with that of, Sir,

Your moſt obedient,

and moſt humble ſervant,

H. DELMORE.

LETTER LV.

The Reverend HORACE HOMESPUN to Doctor DIGGORY.

Dear Doctor,

WHAT can poſſibly be the reaſon of your ſo long ſilence? I now want your advice on a momentous ſubject.

The time of my ſojourning at this watering place is expired, my curacy can no longer be deſerted, and I muſt return to it at all events on Saturday, or the duty of the Sabbath muſt be neglected.

Notwithſtanding

Notwithſtanding this, Mrs. HOMESPUN again complains of her ancle, and ſays the anguiſh of it is now got higher than her knee; and ſhe is, therefore, reſolved to undergo the operation of pumping upon the part affected, by which means I ſhall be obliged to leave her behind, or elſe bring her away much againſt her own choice; which, notwithſtanding my want of faith as to the knee and ancle, I do not think myſelf entitled to do, ſeeing that ſhe hath demeaned herſelf moſt cordially. The fact is, ſhe is quite in love with the frivolous pleaſures of this puerile place, in which, were it not for the inſtructive and entertaining converſations of my friend SEDLEY, I ſhould not be able to ſupport its cuſtoms. As my wife, however, ſeems reſolved, I have thought of an expedient to ſupply my abſence for a few days longer. HARRIET hath a friend

in

in our neighbourhood—a Mrs. La Motte—who is a very diſcreet, ſenſible, and judicious widow-woman, and who, I am perſuaded, will not only do me the ſervice of paſſing a few days at the bath, but likewiſe urge all the arguments of which ſhe is miſtreſs, to wean the affections of her friend from this circle of vanity, and reduce her once more to the ſtandard of common-ſenſe, and the ſerene pleaſures of a country-village.

I want your counſel, my dear Doctor, on the following ſubject. Mr. Sedley has applied in my favour to the Biſhop of ——, reſpecting the living of ——, which is worth near 200l. per annum. Mr. Sedley is in hourly expectation of a reply to this, and I am already ſo overwhelmed with the kindneſſes of this worthy gentleman, (who hath done

them in a manner peculiar to his character,) that I am in doubt whether I ought to increaſe a debt it will be ever beyond my ability to diſcharge. HARRIET's little fortunes, united to the profits of my curacy, are ſufficient to the purpoſes of a contented mind. My parſonage, you know, Doctor, is in the very boſom of a beautiful wood, through which I have been accuſtomed to ramble with a ſocial claſſic in my hand; my pariſhioners love me; the little garden is of my own cultivation; I turned the arch, and twiſted the woodbines around my bower with my own fingers; the birds are protected, and neſt with me in perfect ſecurity; and if I could but once make HARRIET in love with it again, I believe I ſhould not quit it without a ſigh. But one circumſtance weighs with me. I have the dear proſpect of a ſucceſſor: to *it* I

owe an intereſt I ſhould not feel for myſelf. HARRIET is very far advanced in her pregnancy. A child, my dear friend, enlarges the wiſhes of a father: a tear is ready to fall on my letter, as I *think* upon the increaſe of my family. To his offspring a man owes every thing. Tell me, then, dear DIGGORY, what I muſt do.

Farewel.

I am yours,

HORACE HOMESPUN.

LET-

LETTER LVI.

SEDLEY to THORNTON.

THE plot begins to thicken, and the cataſtrophe only demands good contrivance to be made delightful. HORACE HOMESPUN goes away from the bath to-day, in order to mount the roſtrum, and preach up the good old cauſe to-morrow; HARRIET will be all this evening with me alone, left wholly to my kindneſs; and, to crown the whole, the ſcheme is at laſt laid to bring the haughty-hearted LA MOTTE within the reach of my machinations. If there needs any further addition to theſe felicities, know, THORNTON, that I am hand and glove with Sir HENRY DELMORE, and hand and *heart* I

ſhall

ſhall ſoon be with FANNY MORTIMER; the enchanting DELIA looks not with eye inverted, and MORTIMER himſelf hath made advances to intimacy. Under theſe circumſtances thou wilt not expect that I can attend to thy long epiſtolary ſermon, which I herewith reincloſe thee for a preſent to the parſon of thy pariſh, againſt the death of Mrs. ARABELLA thy grandam, when it will afford many admirable hints for the funeral oration of that pious and puritanical old lady.

Whenever thou ſendeſt ſuch a ſtring of common-place proverbs, depend upon receiving them *again*, and always with the charge of double poſtage. So take the hint, and thank me for the warning.

Adieu.

PHILIP SEDLEY.

LET-

LETTER LVII.

Miſs DELIA DELMORE to Lady LUCY SAXBY.

WHAT an additional degree of happineſs do I feel, ſince I laſt wrote to my beloved Lady LUCY! My father is arrived, my ſiſter is recovering, and we are become acquainted with a man whoſe company is at once pleaſing, inſtructive, and various. The very gentleman, my dear LUCY, who hath ſo frequently ſent his polite cards of enquiry concerning FANNY, proves to be a man of birth, rank and character, and well-known both to *Sir* HENRY, and *Mr.* MORTIMER, when they were laſt ſeaſon at the bath of SCARBOROUGH. He is

the

the moſt well-bred and complaiſant character in the world, and has, at the firſt interview, all the eaſe, firmneſs, and unembarraſſed air of an old acquaintance. The aſſured, yet modeſt manner with which he preſents himſelf to a company, ſhews plainly that he has been long accuſtomed to faſhionable ſocieties, and would charm you. If FANNY continues to recover, we ſhall be once more a joyful family—my mother is alſo down with us.

We have taken part of a very elegant houſe, only a ſhort ride from the company, about three miles diſtant from BUXTON, and it ſtands upon a ſpot infinitely leſs bleak and barren than the uncomfortable-looking mountains that ſurround the bath. I received the welcome epiſtle, dear LUCY, in which you enjoin me to fill up the interval of abſence, in a correſpondence of wiſdom,

wit,

wit, ſentiment, and affection: but does not my fair friend forget that the requiſites to form and to continue ſuch an intercourſe, are not at the command of every ſcribbler, though the partiality of Nature, and the poliſh of high-breeding, may confer them on herſelf? However, ſince you are ſo earneſt with me, I will pour out my ſoul imperfectly upon paper; and though I may be wanting in point of elegance, or accuracy, the deficiencies will be compenſated by a frankneſs of mind, and an undiſguiſe of ſentiment, that will pay a better compliment to my Lucy's candour, than all that could poſſibly be beſtowed by the flowers of rhetoric, or colourings of the imagination.

I the more readily yield to your urgencies, my Lucy, as my pen, at this period, can only be the intelligencer of felicity at once virtuous and endearing.

It is ſaid, indeed, that mankind have always ſome fantaſtical and viſionary ſcheme in view. I declare to you, Lady SAXBY, that the perfect reſtoration of FANNY's health is the only drop that could now be added to the cup of our domeſtic joy. Judge yourſelf! for the viſible alteration of Mrs. MORTIMER for the better, hath put me into ſuch ſpirits, that I cannot reſtrain my gratitude to the dear perſonages by which thoſe ſpirits are inſpired. Take then, my beloved LUCY, the ſketch of a family-picture, drawn (and yet not partially) by the pencil of a relation.

The firſt, and principal figure in this group is, a father, whoſe mind is the repoſitory of every virtue---a repoſitory in which he has been, from hour to hour, in the career of almoſt threeſcore years, laying up ſomething valuable,

till he hath at length ſtored it with every excellence; with all, LUCY, that can give worth to the huſband, ſoftneſs to the parent, ſolidity to the friend, benevolence to the neighbour, and humanity to the man: to which is added, a univerſal attention to the wants, and complaints, the fortunes, and morals of that prodigious body of men to which he is related only by ſameneſs of ſpecies, and the conſcious ties of the chriſtian and fellow-creature.

The ſecond leading object in the piece is a mother, the model of her huſband; and differing only, by adapting the manly virtues to a delicacy more conſiſtent with the refinement and gentleneſs of the female character, and nature.

The

The third figure, to which I would direct your obſervation, is, the ſtill lovely FANNY MORTIMER,---a woman whom even the depredations of four lingering months, paſſed in the languors of ſickneſs, have not rendered unattracting. To a ſpirit at once wiſe and worthy, ſhe ſuperadds the fineſt politeneſs, gentleneſs uncommon, and meekneſs peculiar to her: and to theſe, again, are joined a taſte elegant and ſimple---an underſtanding enlarged and cultivated,---and a face, in defiance of diſtemper, in which Heaven ſeems to have painted an attribute in every feature: her eye ſparkles benignity, her lips are the temples of truth, her cheeks are the emblems of modeſty veiled in roſes, and her hands were formed by the Graces to the beſt of purpoſes---to charm, by their liberality, the wretched into peace, and to be (conſiſtently with

their

their colour) the pure and beautiful ſtewards of a heart tender as a turtle's, yet ſolid as a ſage's.

The huſband of this enchanting creature, is the brother of Lady SAXBY, the very counter-part of his ſiſter, and the very youth whom Sir HENRY DELMORE adopted as the child of his affection, undertook for ſeveral years the direction of his education, ſupplied the loſs of a father, trained him up for his own, and at laſt gave him, all-accompliſhed, to the only woman that could deſerve him---his *daughter*. His character is recorded in moſt of the European courts; and it is but a mere reverberation of a familiar echo for *me* to ſay, that he has been every where diſtinguiſhed, for bravery without raſhneſs, honour without anceſtral pride, elegance without vanity,

vanity, affection without intereſtedneſs, and generoſity without oſtentation.

Such, LUCY, are the outlines of a picture now under the eye of your friend. Your abſence, however, and FANNY's uncertain ſtate of health, are the two dark clouds that overcaſt my otherwiſe radiant horizon.

In ſome meaſure, however, to atone for theſe indiſpenſible drawbacks, I can now promiſe an often-repeated intercourſe, in which, through the kind medium of the poſt, our pleaſures, with thoſe of our families, ſhall be reciprocated——But—in the name of extravagance, where am I rambling—and what a metaphorical rhapſody am I going to ſend? Let me haſten then to aſſure you, that, in all diſpoſitions

of mind, I am, with a tenderneſs, peculiar to the truth of my attachment,

Your affectionate

DELIA DELMORE.

LETTER LVIII.

SEDLEY to THORNTON.

THE Fates, ſurely, are buſied in contriving matters preciſely as I would *have* them.

The DELMORES are removed to a villa at ſome diſtance from BUXTON, by which means I ſhall be able to prevent oppoſite intereſts from claſhing with each other.

I prithee, THORNTON, mark my policy, to which I have, even at the age of thirty, ſacrificed my *paſſion*—paſſion which is equally deſtructive of pleaſure and buſineſs—I have put myſelf in

training; and am as temperate as a ſaint—You ſhall judge. Knowing the little fugitive ſcandals and whiſpers of a watering-place, I practiſed upon myſelf the STANHOPEAN ſelf-denial, and have not been a ſingle minute *alone* with HARRIET ſince the departure of HORACE. To prevent this, I contrive to call in, either the loquacious landlord, or chattering landlady; and have only converſed in their own way, upon topics, which, though important at the moment, are yet too trivial to ſend *thee* one hundred and ſixty miles: they anſwered very well my purpoſe—I ſay well; for, ſtrange as it may ſeem to thee, I hold it not good policy, or right reaſon, nor conſonant to CHESTERFIELDISM, to have *tete-a-tetes* with a wife, when the huſband is known to have left the town; nor am I—mark the ſtroke—very well pleaſed with the incau-

incautious HARRIET, for ſuffering herſelf to be deſerted and expoſed to the report, and *murder* of the moment. In theſe places, detraction is a *neceſſary* filler-up of the vacuum;

" At ev'ry word a reputation dies."

The death of reputation is the death of my ſort of gallantry. I would not be thought a libertine, either in thought, word, or deed, for the univerſe. 'Tis expreſsly, and flagrantly, againſt my SYSTEM, which places, thou knoweſt, the very perfection of human nature, and the height of human abilities, in " being upon our own guard, and yet, by a *ſeeming* natural openneſs, to put people *off their's.*" Oh, exquiſite, exquiſite arguer!—" A ſecond DANIEL, THORNTON; a ſecond DANIEL!

Now, in caſes of amour, it is, in conformity to this principle, abſolutely neceſſary that a huſband ſhould be upon the premiſes, though not upon the ſpot; otherwiſe, there is no poſſibility of avoiding myſtery; beware of that: myſtery occaſions ſuſpicion, ſuſpicion opens a door to detection, and detection ruins me for ever. The ordinary rake, indeed, piques himſelf upon this, nay, circulates it at the expence of his truth: that's villainous.

" He talks of tranſports that he never knew,
" And fancies raptures that he never felt. "

But the pupils of CHESTERFIELD are not ſuch " rude, vain-glorious boaſters." *They* are to preſerve their moral ſanctity, even in the midſt of (what gownſmen call) violation: they are to be, not only of good report, but, like

the purity of Cæſar's wife, unſuſpected. He who deſigns to be the worſt man in the world, muſt ſeem to be the beſt. *Probatum eſt.* I am conſidered as an apoſtle.

Oh! may this ingenuity and well-acted diſſimulation ever keep me, THORNTON, from being blown upon; and, to this end, may I never withdraw the deep and dear veil that keeps me *apparently* pure, one moment from my heart! May I ever poſſeſs the ingenuous exterior, with the reſerved interior; may I never reject, as troubleſome, or uſeleſs, the maſtery of my temper; and, above all other things, may I always poſſeſs myſelf enough to hear, and ſee, every thing, however anxious, however agonizing, without any viſible change of countenance! (The countenance is often the ſoreſt enemy a man has.) May

no man living ever be able to decypher the hieroglyphics of *my* heart; and yet, may I keep the key of every *other* heart in the univerſe; and, to conclude my prayer, which I here fervently addreſs to the ſpirit of STANHOPE, let Hypocriſy place before me her ſhield, of beautiful deception, under which, I may fight my fooliſh antagoniſt, for ever guarded, and for ever victorious!

Theſe little effuſions that burſt ſpontaneouſly from the ſoul, thou muſt pardon, THORNTON: they are the fiats of the God—But I deſcend again to the mortal correſpondent.

I perceive the adroiteſt practice of the ſeveral points ſuggeſted by the matchleſs DORMER, will be ſhortly neceſſary; for never did I enter ſo ſagacious, or ſo uniformly-amiable a family

as

as that of the DELMORES. I muſt muſter all my forces. The whole family is a *fortification* againſt a Pupil of Pleaſure.

The principal of it (Sir HENRY) is ſo acute, ſo adorned, ſo read, and ſo experienced, that *he* muſt, I perceive, be deceived with a delicacy beyond the deceptions of Belial: and much I wonder I opened not myſelf to his penetrating diſcovery, when at SCARBOROUGH; at a time too, when I was a novice in the ways of STANHOPE, and could not be ſuppoſed to *copy him liberally*. But, my good genius preſerved me, and I engaged, even in the nonage of my experiments, the hand of the father, while I ſtruck hard upon the tender heart of his daughter!

Lay down the paper a moment to bow in reverence to my greatneſs! Doſt thou not ſhrink in the compariſon? To proceed---There's a formidable huſband too in my way—no HORACE HOMESPUN---but a man of travel, experience, taſte—a ſecond ſiſter too—the lively DELIA—a wit, a correſponder, a perfect pen-woman; ready, rapid, an aſker of whys and wherefores: and to cloſe the liſt, a venerable matron—wiſe—virtuous—ſedate—penetrating—the lady preſident of this bewitching aſſociation.

All theſe are in battle array againſt me—my ſingle ſelf—formidable PHALANX! Give me joy! If they are not verſed (as I *believe* they are not) in my maxims, I may be a match for all of them; paſs like a meteor, through this difficult hemiſphere—kindle as I go—

and

and dread no radiant competitor. But if thou falleſt, SEDLEY? Inſolent interrupter!—*If* I fall—What of that? Admitting the poſſibility—it will be like a fall of Lucifer from Heaven. I ſhall be glorious in ruins; and CHESTERFIELD—for I would not ſurvive detection—ſhould not bluſh to acknowledge me in elyſium. Oblivion to your Ifs, for ever!

As to HARRIET—nothing is now left even for the exerciſe of my talents: the precept by which I obtained her, has been *ſucceſsful* in practice: all that remains, is ITERATION. Paſſion hath not a ſingle provocative, to keep the pulſe a-beating. Her fondneſs grows luxuriant, and ſhe may betray me. She muſt be checked. To confeſs the truth, THORNTON---I am indifferent to her, and I wiſh HORACE had her locked

locked in his arms to eternity, with all my ſoul.

Am I not the moſt generous man exiſting?

At all events, ſhe muſt not entertain ſuch ardent expectations---for---I am ſummoned *elſewhere*---a ſcene of greater difficulty, greater delicacy, and, therefore, of greater delight, expands itſelf before me---The half-conquered---half-expiring FANNY MORTIMER, who muſt not deſcend, unpoſſeſſed, to the earth---The worm, THORNTON, muſt not be ſuffered to riot on her beauties: 'twould be a pity---a profanation! The exquiſite and vivacious DELIA, alſo, attracts my notice. I am called to the combat---a combat, where the laurels will be trebly precious, ſince I perceive they muſt be earned with all the artil-

lery

lery of manner, addreſs, aſſurance, and CHESTERFIELDISM.

Every nerve muſt be exerted!

Poſſibly, too, ſomething may fall out to reduce LA MOTTE, which, be her perſonal endowments what they may, is deſirable; becauſe ſhe is *prepared* to ſuſpect my principles, and, therefore, will engage my moſt ſerious attention, till ſhe ſhall have little reaſon to ridicule, or laugh at her friend. That woman is worth ſubduing, THORNTON, though ſhe were a JEZEBEL. Thy friend is an admirable leveller. I hate pride.

But, on the other hand, if this LA MOTTE does *not* move, at the injunction of HORACE, nor at the pretended penitence of the letter-loving HARRIET; and,

and, by theſe means, HARRIET ſhould be left to *herſelf*, ſhe muſt abſolutely return to the boſom of the poor pedant, and I will aſſuredly ſacrifice the poſſeſſion of *her* perſon, to the unblemiſhed ſecurity of *my* character, which, I am aware, muſt inevitably ſuffer, by being avowedly the ciciſbeo of a wife, ſo little diſtinguiſhed amongſt the bathers and bibbers of faſhion. Yes, my friend, ſhe muſt be, in that caſe, turned over to the prieſt, though I were to famiſh.

If, indeed, ſhe had been bleſſed with a ſallow damſel for a *ſiſter*, or a pale-faced prudent gentlewoman for her *aunt*, it might have been another matter: but I again repeat it to you, that, in a place like this, in ſuch a ſneaking, inquiſitive country as that of Britain, it is, to all intents and purpoſes, requiſite, for the ſecurity of my SYSTEM,

that there ſhould be ſome third perſon in a family, by the way of ſcreen; and rather than have our miſtreſſes alone, that is, *unprotected* by ſome oſtenſible he, or ſhe, that may be, or *appear* to be, anſwerable for them in the pariſh where they viſit, or where they reſide, it is better for *our* plan of action, that we be ſheltered, under the withered wing of a maiden couſin of a century's ſtanding, or even of the great-grandmother herſelf.

And now, THORNTON, for a word or two on thy *own* affairs. If thou haſt not, by this time, ſurmounted the ticklings of thy conſcience, and taken poſſeſſion of that tender tenement, which thy friend the Lieutenant left to thee, then deſerveſt thou to be for ever diſcarded. A coward in love!—Oh, abominable!

minable!—Retrieve thyſelf, I charge thee!

What! Haſt thou an angel in "earth's mould?" Is ſhe in a wilderneſs of ſweets? Art thou invited by a bed of roſes? Art thou neither in fear of being blaſted by detection, nor of incurring the prattle of a ſingle goſſip of either ſex, (ſeeing that thou art in a retirement perfectly ſhaded by a ſhrubbery of perfumes, and apart from a ſecond houſe,) and Is the good man of the houſe gone a long journey into a far country?—Is all this in the way of propitiating thy advances, maſked, as I preſume they would, or at leaſt as they ought to be, in the fine veil of modeſty, manner, and firmneſs, *each* (like co-partners, whoſe intereſt it is, to promote common-right in the ſame buſineſs) aſſiſting the *other?* and Doſt thou,

thou, after all, boggle at a ſhadow—a maukin—at conſcience? Pſhaw!

Admitting even all thy wiſhes crowned with ſucceſs—where's the miſchief? the Lieutenant is ignorant of what is granted, as of what was never attempted. The STANHOPE ſcheme ſuffers us not to do any *real* injury to individuals *ſingly*, or to the community collectively; (note me nicely for I am about to argue;) we are neither to betray the wife, nor brand the huſband; we are not to breathe an accent that may lead to the remoteſt ſuſpicion. In ſome caſes, THORNTON, this ſyſtem is of the utmoſt ſervice (under the STANHOPEAN reſtrictions, I mean) both to our King, and country. Doſt thou ſtart? Oh, ſhort of ſight! Purblind, puſillanimous JAMES! — Proceed to the proof — It is beyond diſpute, CHESTERFIELDISM makes

makes a man not more an ornamental, than a ſupporting pillar to his country; no injury can, in effect, be incurred. So that view the ſyſtem of our exquiſite Earl on which ſide ſoever you will, it is a ſyſtem of policy, prudence, pleaſure, good-fellowſhip, and right reaſon.

Art thou either poor-ſpirited or obſtinate enough to cavil, or heſitate another moment?

Great length of paper and much time have I ſtolen, from more agreeable purſuits, to illuſtrate this to thee: and if it move thee not, thou art altogether impenetrable, and not deſerving ſo ſublime a friend as the *immaculate*

9 DE 63

PHILIP SEDLEY.

END of the FIRST VOLUME.

BOOKS written by the *ſame Author*.

LIBERAL OPINIONS, 3d Edition, in four Volumes.

TUTOR of TRUTH, two Volumes.

TRAVELS FOR THE HEART, two Volumes.

EMMA CORBETT, 5th Edition, in two Volumes.

SHENSTONE GREEN, 3d Edition, three Volumes.

SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL of Scripture, a new Edition, in one Volume.

SYMPATHY, a Poem, ſixth Edition.

FAIR CIRCASSIAN, a Tragedy, 3d Edition.

TEARS OF GENIUS, 3d Edition.

OBSERVATIONS ON DR. YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

9 DE 63

p. Pet Hallofield
bought at Stewarts
Sale June 10. 1812.

9 DE 63

p. Pet Hallofield
bought at Stewarts
Sale June 10. 1812.